

LEGACY

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE

MEANING OF THE

OF THE

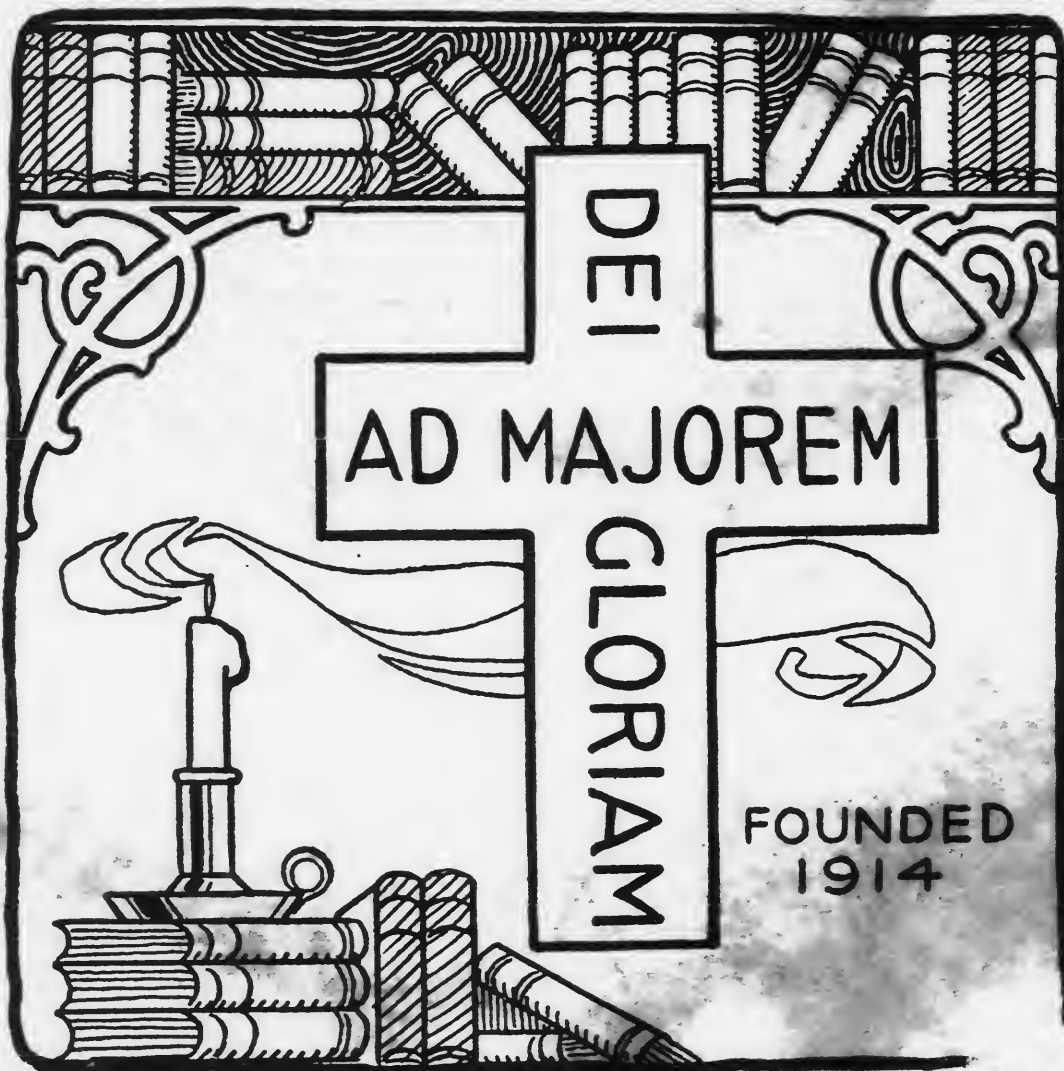
OF THE

OF THE

BW505

M3

# School of Theology



**THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY**

Thursfield Smith Collection, No. **245-133**

Wes. 1687







245-  
133

A

# LEGACY

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF SHROPSHIRE AND CHESHIRE,

OR, A

MEMENTO OF FRIENDSHIP,

CONTAINING AN INTERESTING VARIETY OF

ORIGINAL POEMS,

RELIGIOUS AND DOMESTIC, COMPOSED  
IN A STYLE EMINENTLY FAMILIAR, AND  
ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO THE GRADATION OF  
EVERY CAPACITY :

---

BY R. MASON.

---

"And now brethren, I know that ye all among whom I have gone  
preaching the word, shall see my face no more."

St. Paul.

What lingering sadness in our hearts is found,  
To think the pensive thought, that all is past :  
"Farewell" is ever of a mournful sound,  
Part when we may, tis parting still at last.

---

WHITCHURCH, SALOP :  
PRINTED BY J. WALFORD, HIGH STREET.

1828

BW/505

M3

Wes. 1687

## DEDICATION.

---

It is a common assertion, that "men should do nothing without a reason," and some will doubtless with propriety ask "What reason, can the Author of this volume assign for his intrusion upon the public?" a brief answer to this enquiry shall serve as an apology for his conduct, and suffice it to say, that a thirst after Authorship has by no means induced him to make so bold a venture.

Although he has been so far successful as to collect a goodly number of Subscribers, many of whom are persons of superior intellect, and who move in respectable spheres of life, yet he is far from having the vanity of supposing, that such individuals have subscribed their names from a conviction that the production of his pen, will in any degree merit their attention. He is perfectly aware they have done it as a token of respect to the Author, for the service he has rendered the church of God, in so long gratuitously proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation among them. Many benevolent Christians have frequently expressed their desire to make him some recompense for his arduous labours, but are convinced from past experience that he will accept of nothing, but through the medium of this ( and other ) Publications : such a motive therefore, has constrained them to insist on his Publishing the present volume, and his compliance with their request he deems a justifiable reason for his proceeding.

The work itself is consequently designed as a "Memento of Friendship," and put together as well as a multiplicity of engagements would allow ; as such, the Author respectfully dedicates it to his Friends, with a comfortable assurance that they will ( rather than inspect it with hypercritical eyes,) peruse it with deeply-affected hearts, calling to remembrance the happy seasons which they have spent with him, whose voice has oftentimes cheered their drooping spirits in the sanctuary, but whose face they will shortly see no more.

Allow me therefore to make the final appeal (to the consciences of all who have heard me, and who know me) in the language of one under similar circumstances "I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all Men," and I humbly trust that no one is disposed to doubt the propriety of this appeal, or to refuse me the comfort which a pleasing retrospect of my conduct at this period affords me. No man dare charge me with inconsistency, or insinuate, that I have prescribed duties to others, which I have neglected myself: my public ministrations, I think have been only the echo of my private life, and my private life, the silent illustration of my public Ministry. I have feared no man's frown, I have courted no man's applause, I have aimed to convince more than please, and to win your souls, rather than gain your approbation. Had I sought the honour that comes from men, I should have adopted a method of preaching more congenial with your pleasures and prejudices. I could have prophesied smooth things, with personal advantage, but I should thus have forfeited both the favour of God, and peace of conscience. But I rejoice to know, that I have kept back nothing that is profitable to you, but have "declared unto you the whole council of God," and am persuaded that "other foundations can no man lay than is laid." And now brethren I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

FAREWELL.

ROBERT MASON.

*Whitchurch, Sept. 22nd. 1828.*

---

## CONTENTS.

---

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Preface</i>	iii
A Blameless Life	175
Adieu to Wales	178
Advice to a young Preacher	14
Alas ! my Brother	130
A Poetical Epistle	37
An Ardent Wish	165
A Soul conveyed to Bliss	170
Bereaved Mother comforted	10
Birth of Christ	171
Cambridge Wesleyan Benefit Society	139
Choosing a Companion for Life	80
Christ at Jerusalem	173
Christ the Christian's All	178
Christian Experience	55
Christian Life commenced	5

## *Contents.*

Condescension of Christ	91
Connubial Happiness	94
Corpse of my Friend	177
Death of a Child	76
Death of Christ	174
Death of a Friend	66
Description of Hawkstone Park	27
Direful Effects of Seduction	133
Disconsolate Virgin	98
Elijah's Peaceful Exit	87
Evangelical Repentance	168
Excessive Sorrow	141
Farewell to Home	62
Farmer's Complaint	179
Female Superiority	85
Final Adieu	147
Grave of a Friend	73
Great Man's Exit	166
Holiness of Heart	176
Human Depravity	169
Inward Struggle	100
Jephthah's rash Vow	18
Justification by Faith	170
Lock of Hair	89

## *Contents.*

Lord's Prayer	174
Love and Friendship	166
Melancholy Reflections	128
Miracles of Christ	172
Missionary's Departure	59
Mournful Farewell	104
Multum in Parvo	179
My Brother's birth and Mother's death	86
New Year's Day	74
Outlines of Sermons from	181 to 204
Painful and Pious Retrospect	78
Parable of the Fig Tree	144
Penitent seeking, obtaining, and rejoicing in salvation	71
Penitent's Plea	96
Pious Mother's Reflections over her dying in- fant	105
Primeval State	168
Realities of Judgement	176
Resignation	179
Resignation to the Will of God	102
Resurrection of Christ	169
Revival of Religion in Burslem	22
Saint's sweet Home	167
Salvation obtained	179
Salvation Proclaimed	167

## *Contents.*

<b>Silent Tomb</b>	<b>165</b>
<b>Sufferings of Christ</b>	<b>173</b>
<b>Swearer</b>	<b>171</b>
<b>Terrified Conscience of a Murderer</b>	<b>164</b>
<b>Terrors of Death</b>	<b>175</b>
<b>Titles of Christ</b>	<b>172</b>
<b>To a Medical Gentlemen</b>	<b>108</b>
<b>True Penitent</b>	<b>177</b>
<b>Unequal Marriage</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>Wreck of the Maria Mail Boat</b>	<b>112</b>

---



## POEMS.

---

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE COMMENCED.

---

NINETEEN long years had almost flown away,  
Before I bent my knees to God in prayer :  
I well remember that alarming day,  
My keen convictions and my slavish fear.  
A thick dark cloud hath hover'd o'er my head,  
Since that bless'd hour, when first the Lord I found,  
I've walk'd beneath it with a fearful dread,  
Lest it should burst, and me in ruin drown'd.  
Most fondly was I cherish'd in my youth,  
My Parents took in me undue delight ;  
Alas ! I wander'd from the path of truth,  
But never walk'd displeasing in their sight :

They loved to see me drink the dregs of sin,  
And take my fill of vanity and pride,  
The world's allurements my vain heart did win ;  
But there no peace I found, though long I tried.  
What pain and pleasure mix'd I underwent,  
Sometimes all glee, but oft—more oft cast down ;  
My conscience slept ; when rous'd, did me torment,  
My smiles were all succeeded by a frown ;  
Most miserable, melancholy life !  
And such all lead who are not saved by grace :  
A little outward joy, much inward strife ;  
And awful is the end of such a race.  
My many sins array'd in crimson hue,  
Arose to terrify my melting heart ;  
In self-despair did I for mercy sue,  
And God did then converting grace impart.  
Oh blessed, joyful, memorable hour !  
Completely happy in the Lord was I ;  
Full well I knew (and ne'er till then) he'd power  
On earth, to save from sin and bless with joy,  
The work of saving grace was in me wrought,  
And nature's torrent turn'd contrary way :  
Yes, by Jehovah's blessing I was brought  
Safe out of darkness into blaze of day.  
But see that dismal cloud o'erspread the sky,  
Thick gloomy darkness gathers round my head,  
The howling winds bespeak a storm is nigh,  
An awful storm of human wrath I dread.

My aged sire beheld in me a change,  
A life reversed to what he'd seen before,  
Although much better, yet to him how strange :  
Suspicion kindles in his heart most sore ;  
What caused the change, he much desired to know,  
And time rush'd on, the secret to unfold,  
The fact was proved ; rage did his soul o'erflow,  
Like crashing thunder, curses on me roll'd.  
Grand crisis ! God or man I must obey :  
Resign sweet home, kind friends and earthly gain,  
Or else, forsake religion's peaceful way,  
Change endless bliss for everlasting pain.  
But shall I do this ? ah no—God forbid ;  
I cannot violate my Lord's command :  
Ungrateful should I prove, if so I did,  
And how should I his threat'ning wrath withstand.  
I ran the risk, and left the consequence  
With him who rides the storm and treads the wave.  
I knew he'd be my refuge and defence  
From foes most violent, and perils save :  
Thus arm'd in panoply divine, I fearless went  
To visit all my old companions dear,  
(With whom my youthful days were vainly spent,)  
Exhorting them true happiness to share.  
I dare not let them go unwarn'd, lest they  
Should die and sink beneath God's vengeful arm,  
And at his bar in that tremendous day,  
Should curse me for not sounding the alarm.

My once best friend was now my greatest foe,  
To him alone (next God) I owed my all.  
I hesitated, 'shall I to him go,'  
My heart said *yes*, and I obeyed the call.  
His house I reach'd, t'was in the evening late,  
I trembling enter'd, and I there him found  
Still in his former wicked, wretched state;  
He raised his eyes and on me ghastly frown'd,  
I felt determined by some means to try  
To calm his rage, and win his soul by love :  
But all was vain, his passion rose more high,  
My bold attempt alas did fruitless prove.  
Most horrid oaths and blasphemies out thrust  
From his foul lips ; in violence he flew,  
"Begone from me thou vagabond accursed :"  
Thus he exclaimed and I from him withdrew ;  
But who can tell the pangs that rent my heart,  
Inflicted through my banishment from home,  
With all that's dear on earth did I then part,  
And made my exit far away to roam.  
At parting I on every object gaze,  
Before I could my native dwelling quit ;  
Each scene reminds me of my former days,  
And memory is busy while I sit.  
My bleeding heart well furnished to indite,  
Its last Farewell in language signed with tears,  
My feeble hand took up the pen to write,  
And here the content of my mind appears,—

ORIGINAL POEMS.

"Once was I loved in this dark place,  
"Ah yes, admired by all around,  
"But now I scarce dare show my face,  
"But on the spot am trembling found.  
"I view it now with sorrow great,  
"And sore reflections seize my mind ;  
"I look back at its former state,  
"And it's no better *now* I find.  
"Alone I sit, no ! God is here,  
"All other friends are fled away,  
"Yes, those who loved me once most dear,  
"Have turned my foes and would me slay.  
"Farewell, farewell delightful spot,  
"Where I spent all my youthful years ;  
"I leave thee now to fall and rot,  
"And water thee with my last tears."

Across the lonely farm I bent my way,  
But, ah ! what sorrows o'er my spirits prey,  
Whate'er arrests my eye, inspires my heart,  
With 'fare-thee-well,' *we part, for ever part.*

Most sensibly I felt the painful stroke,  
And thus my heart in broken accents spoke ;—

"Ye fields, trees, ditches, fences, flocks and herds,  
"Ye yards, barns, stables, stacks, reeks, fowls and  
birds,

"Ye house and land, roads, quicks and gardens  
sweet,

"Your varied beauties I no more shall greet,

“Once more of thee I take a mournful view,  
“And weeping, sigh my long and last ‘*Adieu.*’  
Thus I departed from my natal door,  
Absorb’d in tears, unmix’d with conscious woe,  
I left my friends whom I shall see no more ;  
If I am guilty grace hath made me so :  
For Jesu’s sake I drank this bitter cup,  
And when bereft of all *He took me up.*

---

### THE BEREAVED MOTHER COMFORTED.

---

WHY weepst thou fond Parent ? quell thy grief ;  
Let him who caused it, offer thee relief ;  
Why should my presence pierce thine heart so deep ?  
I come with words of comfort, *do not weep ;*  
Doubt not, your Daughter’s landed safe in bliss,  
Grieve not, she’s in a better world than this :  
Of this most interesting fact, I feel  
A confidence that nought on earth can steal.



A spark of grace was kindled in her soul,  
Before affliction had its full controul ;  
Though oft did she the Holy Spirit grieve,  
Yet keen conviction never did her leave ;  
Long had she sought, but on her dying bed  
She found the Saviour who for her had bled :  
In adoration, she exulting cried  
'The victory's gain'd,' then sunk her head, and died.  
Though torn in youth from thy fond bleeding heart,  
She's gone to glory, let this heal the smart.  
Her happy spirit though to thee unseen,  
Perhaps is near thee now—the veil between,  
Alone can hide her from thy mortal sight ;  
*Ah there she stands array'd in purest white,*  
She's witness to thy tears, she hears thee mourn  
And cry, "my child, my dearest child is gone."  
But let my warm imagination rove,  
'Tis solemn midnight, and the peaceful grove  
Greets your approach ; serene, enchanting place !  
The lovely spot where she did sweetly trace,  
Whose loss you so lament : struck with surprise,  
You start, gaze, list, then cry (with sparkling eyes,)  
What tones are those that strike my list'ning ear ?  
I nothing see, and yet I something hear,  
Hark ! sure it must an unseen spirit be ;  
Celestial Guardian ! Oh my child it's thee ;  
I'm not alarmed, express thyself to me. }  
Hush winds ! she speaks ; "my Mother dry thy tears,  
"I'm safe in Glory, check thy rising fears :

“If souls could weep in bliss, I should, to hear  
“My name repeated mingled with a tear,  
“I know thy grief is great, the wound will smart,  
“I watch the movements of thy troubled heart ;  
“When sleep hath closed thine eyes, I on thee gaze,  
“And see what sorrow o’er thy spirit preys :  
“Oft times I hear you softly speak my name,  
“And then my virtues you aloud proclaim,  
“Sometimes you take up trifles that were mine,  
“And say, *ah ! Betsey, this, dear girl was thine.*  
“You dream of me and then awake to weep,  
“For many nights alas, you could not sleep :  
“I saw you kiss my cold and lifeless clay,  
“As it enshrouded in the coffin lay,  
“And thought your heart had melted quite away. }  
“I saw you to my gloomy grave repair,  
“And o’er it drop the melancholy tear ;  
“Yes mother, thy fond daughter she stood by,  
“And heard the solitary mourner cry :  
“I view’d thy throbbing bosom heave and swell,  
“And heard thee whisper *Betsey, fare-thee-well.*  
“I cry’d adieu to thee, you heard me not,  
“But stood as if a statue, on the spot.  
“But oh ! suppress thy grief, weep not for me,  
“That’s cruel, wouldst thou fetch me back to  
thee ?  
“In this vain world of wretchedness and woe,  
“Now I’ve escaped to happiness—ah no !



“No longer then the loss of me deplore,  
“We soon shall meet to separate no more.”  
Thus spake the spirit, then it took its flight  
To blissful mansions of eternal light.  
This *pleasing dream* is innocent enough,  
But her salvation needs a further proof :  
Fond parent then allow the muse to speak,  
And wipe the tear from off thy pallid cheek.  
Thy Daughter’s safe arrived on yonder plain,  
To praise the Lamb of God for sinners slain ;  
I pointed her to Christ’s atoning blood,  
And she by faith beheld the purple flood.  
Eager she plunged her naked soul therein,  
And felt that God had pardon’d all her sin :  
His boundless love to her, she saw, admired,  
Then lost in wonder, sweetly she expired.  
Mourn not, your loss is her eternal gain,  
She’s free from all her sorrow, sin and pain,  
She’s praising God among yon dazzling throng,  
Where you will be I trust through grace ere long :  
If then you’d meet her who was once so dear,  
Thy friend (the writer) cries *prepare, prepare.*

---

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

---

DEAR Friend, in concert with your warm request,  
I have these humble lines to you address'd.  
What constitutes a preacher's *call*? you ask,  
And how should he when call'd, fulfil the task :  
The question is important I admit,  
But still I'll try, and *thus*, to answer it.

---

A firm conviction wrought upon the mind,  
Most ardent, pure, and of the noblest kind,  
That God requires me this great work to do,  
And woe is me if I don't it pursue.  
But grace and gifts must in this work combine,  
A preacher should in Jesu's image shine :  
A fertile mind enrich'd with wisdom choice,  
A prudent zeal, a sweet and powerful voice.  
The sanction of the Church is next your need ;  
Are Preachers, Leaders, Stewards, all agreed ?

If so, thy path is plain, no more delay,  
The voice cries go, *God speed thee on the way.*  
The word is now committed to your trust,  
And you must preach the Gospel, yes you must.

---

What is the Gospel ? you exclaim, and I  
Will give a pure angelical reply ;  
The Seraphs to the Shepherds it defined,  
“Good tidings of great joy to all mankind.”  
This you proclaim and only this will do,  
Salvation great, free, full and present too.  
’Tis *great*, as bought with blood that saves from hell;  
*Free*, saved by grace design’d for all who fell ;  
*Full*, cleansing from the guilt and power of sin ;  
’Tis *present*, and you cry, now—*now* come in.  
Then “Christ in you, the hope of glory” preach,  
And sinners all in wisdom warn and teach;  
Tell them that he was born for them, to bleed,  
To die, and rise to live and intercede;  
Teach them how they should hear, feel, seek, strive,  
prayer,  
Reflect, repent, believe, enjoy, obey ;  
Do all in firm reliance on the Lord,  
And then, his Spirit will apply the word.

---

“If souls could weep in bliss, I should, to hear  
“My name repeated mingled with a tear,  
“I know thy grief is great, the wound will smart,  
“I watch the movements of thy troubled heart;  
“When sleep hath closed thine eyes, I on thee gaze,  
“And see what sorrow o’er thy spirit preys :  
“Oft times I hear you softly speak my name,  
“And then my virtues you aloud proclaim,  
“Sometimes you take up trifles that were mine,  
“And say, *ah ! Betsey, this, dear girl was thine.*  
“You dream of me and then awake to weep,  
“For many nights alas, you could not sleep :  
“I saw you kiss my cold and lifeless clay,  
“As it enshrouded in the coffin lay,  
“And thought your heart had melted quite away. }  
“I saw you to my gloomy grave repair,  
“And o’er it drop the melancholy tear ;  
“Yes mother, thy fond daughter she stood by,  
“And heard the solitary mourner cry :  
“I view’d thy throbbing bosom heave and swell,  
“And heard thee whisper *Betsey, fare-thee-well.*  
“I cry’d adieu to thee, you heard me not,  
“But stood as if a statue, on the spot.  
“But oh ! suppress thy grief, weep not for me,  
“That’s cruel, wouldst thou fetch me back to  
thee ?  
“In this vain world of wretchedness and woe,  
“Now I’ve escaped to happiness—ah no !

“No longer then the loss of me deplore,  
“We soon shall meet to separate no more.”  
Thus spake the spirit, then it took its flight  
To blissful mansions of eternal light.  
This *pleasing dream* is innocent enough,  
But her salvation needs a further proof :  
Fond parent then allow the muse to speak,  
And wipe the tear from off thy pallid cheek.  
Thy Daughter’s safe arrived on yonder plain,  
To praise the Lamb of God for sinners slain ;  
I pointed her to Christ’s atoning blood,  
And she by faith beheld the purple flood.  
Eager she plunged her naked soul therein,  
And felt that God had pardon’d all her sin :  
His boundless love to her, she saw, admired,  
Then lost in wonder, sweetly she expired.  
Mourn not, your loss is her eternal gain,  
She’s free from all her sorrow, sin and pain,  
She’s praising God among yon dazzling throng,  
Where you will be I trust through grace ere long :  
If then you’d meet her who was once so dear,  
Thy friend (the writer) cries *prepare, prepare.*

---

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

---

DEAR Friend, in concert with your warm request,  
I have these humble lines to you address'd.  
What constitutes a preacher's *call*? you ask,  
And how should he when call'd, fulfil the task :  
The question is important I admit,  
But still I'll try, and *thus*, to answer it.

---

A firm conviction wrought upon the mind,  
Most ardent, pure, and of the noblest kind,  
That God requires me this great work to do,  
And woe is me if I dont it pursue.  
But grace and gifts must in this work combine,  
A preacher should in Jesu's image shine :  
A fertile mind enrich'd with wisdom choice,  
A prudent zeal, a sweet and powerful voice.  
The sanction of the Church is next your need ;  
Are Preachers, Leaders, Stewards, all agreed ?

If so, thy path is plain, no more delay,  
The voice cries go, *God speed thee on the way.*  
The word is now committed to your trust,  
And you must preach the Gospel, yes you must.

---

What is the Gospel ? you exclaim, and I  
Will give a pure angelical reply ;  
The Seraphs to the Shepherds it defined,  
“Good tidings of great joy to all mankind.”  
This you proclaim and only this will do,  
Salvation great, free, full and present too.  
'Tis *great*, as bought with blood that saves from hell;  
*Free*, saved by grace design'd for all who fell ;  
*Full*, cleansing from the guilt and power of sin ;  
'Tis *present*, and you cry, now—*now* come in.  
Then “Christ in you, the hope of glory” preach,  
And sinners all in wisdom warn and teach;  
Tell them that he was born for them, to bleed,  
To die, and rise to live and intercede;  
Teach them how they should hear, feel, seek, strive,  
prayer,  
Reflect, repent, believe, enjoy, obey ;  
Do all in firm reliance on the Lord,  
And then, his Spirit will apply the word.

---



The grand design of Preaching is to show  
 The human race their wretchedness and woe ;  
 And then to faith and holiness persuade ;  
 This done the word and will of God's obey'd.

---

On Sermonizing\* let me say a word,  
 And recommend the plan by most prefer'd:  
 The Introduction, pertinent and brief;  
 Divisions natural, discussion chief,  
 Transitions easy, and connections clear,  
 The application lively and sincere ;  
 Chaste, simple, easy, unadorn'd your style,  
 Pathetick, clear, correct and forcible ;  
 Deliver in this order your discourse,  
 And then, it cannot fail to have great force ;  
 First, make the nature of your subject plain,  
 The understanding thus will light obtain ;  
 By proofs conclusive, solid, strong and clear,  
 Convince the judgement through the list'ning ear ;  
 Then, move the passions, and the will persuade  
 To what you first proposed ; the *Converts* made.

---

\* " Plain good sense attended with a spirituality of mind, and an ardent desire to be useful to the souls of men, will be of more use in Preaching than all the rules that can be laid down. When a minister has fixed on his text, he has only to ask himself a few questions like the following ;-- What was the original intention of this text ? What doctrine or precept does it contain ? How ought it to be treated according to the obvious meaning of the words ? What end have I in view in preaching from it ?

Let him pause over these questions, and pray earnestly for the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and he will not (it is believed) be long without a Sermon."



*Explain* insinuating, soft and calm,  
*Convince* deliberate, determin'd, firm;  
Then, rapid, bold and passionate to *move*  
The languid spirit in a flame of love :  
Men hear, and understand, they judge and feel;  
To these in their succession then appeal.

---

And now, my Brother, suffer me to speak,  
And rest assured, your happiness I seek,  
Examine well your motives, and take heed  
That pride ne'er mingles with this noble deed ;  
Applauses or reproaches, let them go ;  
Please God, and aim to rescue souls from woe ;  
Be firm, and shew thyself a pattern pure,  
Of all good works, and to the end endure ;  
Hold fast the shield of faith, work, watch and pray,  
The Spirit's sword the man of sin will slay,  
Then study well to be of God approved,  
A Workman ne'er ashamed, but always loved ;  
Thus rightly you'll the sacred truth divide,  
And saint and sinner be with meat supplied ;  
Be sober, chaste, meek, faithful, grave, sincere,  
A humble, zealous, blameless character :  
Now Lord accept the Muse's prayer, O bless  
Thy Servant, and reward with *great success*.

---

## JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.

---

The Spirit of the Lord on Jephthah came,  
To fire his heart, that he might war proclaim  
Against his foe, but ere he drew his sword,  
Or rear'd the ensign, thus invoked the Lord ;  
"If thou wilt to my warfare grant success,  
"And me with victory triumphant bless,  
"Then will I freely consecrate to thee,  
"Whate'er on my return approaches me.  
Jehovah sanctions and his aid bestows,  
With warlike steps to battle Jephthah goes ;  
Methinks I hear him cry "*to arms to arms*"  
The dismal din of war my soul alarms,  
The field is enter'd 'gainst the Ammon-bands,  
And they're deliver'd into Jephthah's hands ;  
Amidst applauding smiles, with raptured powers,  
He shouts "the day, the well fought day is ours"  
With pomp majestick, he in peace returns  
To wave his laurels, while his bosom burns

With ardent glow the fact to realize,  
*What* he to God must yield a sacrifice.  
Ah Jephthah ! there's an Idol in thy heart,  
With which thou *must*, though with reluctance part !  
Important hour ! how big with hope and fear !  
The Hero brave, must now resign the tear,  
And own the Victory is bought by far too dear :  
He homeward bends to witness the event ;  
He gazes, trembles, yes, his heart is rent ;  
His lovely Daughter, with her joyful choir,  
Enraptured, runs to meet and greet her Sire ;  
The Victor stood aghast ! Oh bitter smart,  
His blood runs chill, and curdles in his heart ;  
The object most engaging in his eyes,  
Is destin'd for the beauteous sacrifice ;  
She ran, exulting that he'd won the day,  
Unconscious of the vow he had to pay ;  
The tragick scene, o'erwhelming, came to pass,  
He rent his clothes, and cried, "alas, alas !  
"My daughter, thou hast brought me very low ;  
"The sight of thee, hath fill'd my heart with woe ;  
"For I to God have made a solemn vow,  
"And thou my child, my only child must bow,  
"A bleeding victim to the dire decree,  
"Which cannot be reversed." Then answered she,  
'Father, if thou hast spoken to the Lord,  
'Do unto me according to thy word,

“Tis mine, a pious Parent to obey,  
“Tis joy to let the hand I love, me slay,  
‘However painful be the fatal blow,  
‘The stroke’s demanded, and the debt you owe,  
‘Thy vow the blissful victory hath gained,  
‘So let thy garments with my blood be stained ;  
‘As God hath vengeance took of all thy foes,  
‘I’ll on the altar die in calm repose,  
‘But sheath thy sword, let not it pierce my heart,  
‘Till I from thee my Sire two months depart,  
‘My fellows on the mountains shall me hail,  
‘There will I my virginity bewail.’  
With streaming eyes the Father utter’d, go,  
She bow’d, obey’d, and could not answer, no,  
With mingled feelings, from him she retired ;  
Return’d, and smiling in his arms expired.  
Haste, haste ye maidens, to the mountains flee,  
There mourn for her who died to save thy country.

## IMPROVEMENT.

“Do nothing rashly,” let these words divine  
Teach me from vows like Jephthah’s to decline,  
Lest I should pay for them as dear as he,  
And ruin both myself and family :  
But if I’m call’d to war, may I endure,  
Like him, Jehovah on my side secure,  
Then I the stoutest foe may bravely meet,  
And crush him as a moth beneath my feet ;

If circumstances should require a vow,  
I'll make it Lord, but thou shalt teach me how ;  
Then by thy grace will I perform my part,  
And tear each idol from my bleeding heart.  
But is there not a pattern left for me,  
In that sweet girl, who in sincerity  
Exclaim'd, my Father do as thou hast said,  
My blood shall pay the debt, 'tis thine to shed.  
I'd rather die, than let my sire transgress  
Against that God who granted him success.  
Most noble, generous, and pious speech,  
Let it me filial obedience teach ;  
May I so love my nation and my God,  
And tread the paths of virtue she has trod :  
If banishment or death should then be mine,  
My way if rough, is plain, for duty is divine.

---

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN BURSLEM.

---

EXULTING thought, I feel religion thrives  
Within my bosom, and the work of grace  
Throughout this town most gloriously revives  
Oh! may it spread and deluge all the place.  
How many drunkards still, the streets infest,  
What horrid oaths and clamour strike my ear,  
Crowds violate the sacred day of rest;  
Disgusting scenes on every hand appear.  
Great God, 'tis thou, and only thou canst stem  
The torrent of iniquity, so foul;  
Let piety prevail; this fairest gem  
Will grace each action and adorn each soul.  
Thanks be to God, the work is here begun;  
How many souls within this wretched place,  
Of late have sin forsook, begun to run  
With rapid speed the blissful christian race;  
They shun the ale bench, and with joy repair  
To bow with awe before the mercy seat;  
They go in clouds, and throng the house of prayer,  
And with Jehovah hold communion sweet.



But let me hasten to describe a scene,  
Which recently with joy mine eyes beheld :  
Let not the reader count the subject mean,  
For it my bosom with sweet rapture swelled.  
I'm not enthusiastic, not the least,  
But love to see the work of God expand,  
And must confess, I had last night a feast,  
In God's pure temple with his pious band.  
Oh ! yes, I saw a mighty throng arise  
To praise the Saviour who for them had bled,  
With hands uplifted, and with joyful eyes ;  
It was a resurrection from the dead.  
Those who went there to laugh, remained to pray,  
The lion fierce, became the lamb most meek,  
And scoffers proud who wish'd a jovial fray,  
Were there constrain'd to pray, and pardon seek :  
The poor despairing penitents, there found  
A saviour suited to their mournful case ;  
Who had a healing balm for every wound :  
Sufficient, sovereign, present, saving grace.  
And poor backsliders too, were there restor'd  
To all the blessings they through sin had lost :  
They pray'd, believed, enjoy'd, and then adored  
The precious blood, they'd spurn'd the price they cost.  
Believers many, got their faith increased,  
Their hope confirm'd and perfected in love ;  
It was to them a most luxuriant feast,  
A foretaste sweet, of endless joys above.



Spectators cast around malignant eyes ;  
The infidel is furnish'd with a sneer,  
The moralist ; "for shame, for shame," he cries,  
The nominal professor can't it bear ;  
Yea, there are christians who dislike it too,  
They wish the Lord to work in their own way :  
But here these narrow, frozen souls were few,  
And where there's life and power, such, never stay.

---

Between two rugged rocks I'll try to steer,  
Enthusiasm and Formality ;  
I peradventure may, of both keep clear,  
Or scrape each one without an injury :  
With calm tranquillity I hoist my sails,  
Blow gently on them ye ambrosial gales.

---

I know religion is not noise and talk,  
Nor constant going to a certain place,  
Or faith in creeds, but in an upright walk,  
A mind inform'd, the heart renew'd by grace :  
The God in whose pure image I would shine,  
Counts not confusion as a workdivine.

---

The Baal worshipers might stamp and bawl,  
To make their idol wake and to them move :  
But christians have a God, on whom they call  
With reverential awe and humble love ;  
They imitate the Angels who on high,  
Bow at the throne and "Holy, Holy," cry.

Elijah's God came down, not in the fire,  
Nor earthquake, nor the mighty rushing wind ;  
A still, small voice was heard, Lo ! God was there  
To bless and leave a blessing pure behind :  
Some noisy souls with little grace, I've found  
As empty vessels, make the greatest sound.

---

I do not like a noise without effect,  
Nor pomp, nor form, without the Spirit's power :  
To wild enthusiasm, I object,  
But still I love a pentecostal shower :  
Let one engage in fervent prayer, and then  
The rest to firm petition, say *amen*.  
Wisdom and prudence will not do alone,  
These must be mingled with pure love and zeal ;  
Let all things be in decent order done,  
And let the saints rejoice, when sinners feel ;  
Then did each countenance shine bright with joy,  
Each bosom glow'd with pure seraphic fire,  
All hearts were fill'd with love, nought to annoy,  
Each tongue resembled the cherubic choir.  
A holy, sweet confusion did exist,  
But nought disgusting, to effect the eye ;  
The spirit blew, t'will low or louder list,  
More calm within, or cause an outward cry :  
Though sighing, weeping, praying, all is peace,  
For it's God's work such feelings to infuse ;  
Such earnest struggling, panting for release :  
None but a formalist would e'er abuse,

To feel the expiring agonies of sin ;  
And then the bitter pangs of second birth ;  
When thus o'erwhelm'd with guilt, and pressing in  
The narrow way, 'tis not their time for mirth.  
They mourn'd, and each believer took his place,  
Down on his knees, close by the mourner's side,  
Assisting them in seeking saving grace,  
By pointing them to Christ, who for them died.  
And when the sinner and the Saviour met,  
They rose and praised the triune God above.  
Delightful scene, I ne'er shall it forget,  
All hearts were one, and that brim full of love.  
What I both heard and felt, no tongue can tell,  
'Tis more than all the hosts above can do ;  
It made with ecstasy, their bosoms swell,  
Tell me ye Seraphs, will ye answer, no ?  
Ye cannot, for ye bore the news to bliss,  
And summon'd all the upper throng to join,  
Who tuned and struck their golden harps for this,  
Till heaven rung with harmony divine.  
I must confess, that if I could but know,  
That all the joys on yon celestial plain,  
Were not superior to these joys below,  
I'd sacrifice my all, such bliss to gain,  
Yes, part with all the world calls good and great,  
To purchase such, if an eternal state.

---

## A POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

## HAWKSTONE PARK,

(The Seat of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. in the County of Salop.)

*Including a pathetic farewell to it.*

---

What lingering grief is found  
Within the bleeding heart,  
To hear the mournful sound  
Of "farewell" --we must part !  
I'll take a final view,  
Then sighing, bid "adieu."

---

ALL hail ! sweet Hawkstone, ancient, matchless  
seat !

Our country's admiration, and my theme ;  
With rapturous delight thy charms I greet ;  
Aid me bright Sol with influential beam,  
While I (a lowly muse) presume to draw  
The splendid scene, with energy and awe.

A sweet sensation does my heart inspire,  
Which animates my soul-reviving powers.  
And fills my breast with pure poetic fire,  
While underneath those "Amaranthine Bowers,"  
With calm serenity, and pleasing hope,  
I take my pen, and give my mind free scope.

Most gloomy, dismal, and terrific sight,  
Those rocks and gulfs present, which strike the eye;  
Then pure, transporting, beautiful, and bright,  
O'erspreads the rest, which nothing can outvie;  
Enamour'd votaries of Nature see—  
Admire, ye lovers of antiquity.

Stupendous hills, green spacious plains and vales,  
High towering oaks, and stately cedars rise;  
Clear flowing currents, soft ambrosial gales,  
All scenes magnificent, arrest the eyes:  
Here human art, and lavish Nature join,  
To form a paradise almost divine.

Huge mountains, firm, of everlasting age,  
Ne'er shaken by conflicting elements,  
Nor shatter'd by the thunderbolt, whose rage  
Throws earth in consternation, when it rents;  
Impair'd not by the ravages of time,  
But stand eternal, awful, grand, sublime.

High pyramids, expos'd to hurling storms,  
    (Where earthquakes and convulsions rav'd, 'tis  
        said)  
With ivy cloth'd, wreath'd in fantastic forms,  
    By croaking ravens thick inhabited ;  
Steep, rugged pathways, hewn in massive stone,  
Where tourists mount, till with fatigue they groan.

Here scenes most terrible my eyes engage,  
    Wide horrid chasms, rustic mossy dens ;  
Fragments of turrets, tottering with age,  
    Deep awful precipices, solemn glens ;  
Enormous shelves, harsh, bold, with copper green,  
(Lab'rinth of wonders,) all around are seen.

Dark\* passage, where no spark of glimm'ring day,  
    E'er mingles with th' impenetrable gloom ;  
Where silence holds its unmolested sway,  
    And timid souls grope, fearful of their doom ;  
Till reach'd the scene which well rewards their woe ;  
Where varied beauties—dazzling colours glow.

---

\* A most tremendous passage, where light is totally excluded, for nearly one hundred yards, leading to a vast subterraneous cave supported by rugged pillars hewn in solid rock, in the midst of which, is a spacious cove, ingeniously inlaid with valuable sea shells--curious petrifications fossils, &c.; these being joined with coral, tinged with ore, spangled with minerals, assume a most luminous appearance by the introduction of light through windows of finely painted glass.

Grand Obelisk, (tremendous height,) that's rear'd  
In honour of the celebrated Hill :\*  
Where tourist's soaring have their spirits cheer'd,  
By lovely scenes, which make the heart to thrill ;  
A prospect almost boundless, here is view'd,  
Spectators gaze, exult, with joys renew'd.

Most venerable fortress, long the seat  
Of warriors brave, who fought, and bled, and died;  
Here buried in oblivion, 'neath our feet,  
And nothing left memorial of their pride;  
The splendour of heroic war here's hush'd,  
And all her Martial Sons return'd to dust.

(The solemn thought now penetrates my soul,  
How many thousands have these scenes admir'd ;  
Who did, with pleasing vigour, once here stroll ;  
But now are in the gloomy grave retir'd !  
These broken masses, on which I now tread,  
Will here be seen for ages, when I'm dead!)

---

Sir Rowland Hill, Knight, was born at the family mansion of Hawkstone, in the reign of Henry VII. and was Lord Mayor of London in the second and third year of Edward the VI., 1549, the first Protestant who filled that high office. He was a man justly celebrated for his wealth, wisdom, piety and benevolence, the latter of which, was almost boundless. Feeling assured that his immense estates were given him of God, it was therefore his desire to devote them to his glory. A majestic column 120 feet in height, is erected to perpetuate his memory : from the top of which, may be viewed the most delightful prospect, taking in at least twelve different counties.



Farewell ! nocturnal shades, and hermits' caves,  
Romantic scenes, majestic, rugged rocks ;  
Demolish'd castles, cells, and warriors' graves,  
Rude cliffs, foul gulfs, huge crags, with hoary locks,  
Recesses dark, where light has never shone,  
Dim chaos, where confusion heaves her groan.

Retire from these :—see Nature change her dress !  
A radiant beauty now o'er all pervades ;  
Most brilliant landscape, sweetly picturesque,  
Of hills, vales, woods, groves, lawns, and rills, and  
shades ;  
These lovely scenes, exhilarate the sight—  
And fill us with insatiable delight.

'Tis now the pure delightful month of May,  
When flowers and blossoms shed a fragrance sweet ;  
Lo ! Nature smiles, while all around looks gay,  
And feather'd songsters charm the ears they greet :  
Each vivid pulse beats high, all hearts rejoice,  
And themes of adoration tune the voice.

The orient sun makes earth's broad surface glow ;  
Soft vernal showers, in fruitful streams descend ;  
The trees resume their verdant robes and grow,  
Till, with their fertile load, behold ! they bend,  
Creative bounty burns with warmest gleam :  
O'er all thy works, O God ! thy mercies beam.

The genial spirit, that pervades the spring,  
Bids Nature, with her renovated powers,  
Prolific rise, with glow of ardour sing ;  
While shrubs and herbs unfold their leaves and  
flowers

The heart beats glad! the ravish'd soul is filled,  
With energetic life the bosom's thrill'd.

Here's every entertainment for the *eye*,  
And for the *ear*, enchantments most refined ;  
The noblest *feelings* mortals here enjoy,  
And pleasures, *taste*, the most delicious kind :  
Yea, here's the richest banquet for the *smell*,  
Of odours, sweet, and that perpetual.

The arch etherial's cloth'd in blue serene,  
The lark upsoars, and sings with raptur'd powers;  
The vocal woods are clad in robes of green,  
And earth's fond lap is fill'd with blooming flowers;  
Vermilion streak'd—tints variegated flush,  
Till Nature's face is all one boundless blush.

Farewell! ye fragrant shades of calm repose,  
Where I've reflective spent my rural hours ;  
For Meditation's seat, oft thee I chose,  
And tranquil sat beneath your cypress bowers ;  
While Sol, with lucid beam, and ardent blaze,  
Made hills, groves, vallies, all resound with praise.

The shady thicket, and the mantling vine,  
    (To form a verdant canopy for me,)  
With bush and branch how sweetly they combine!  
    And here I sit, admiring all I see ;  
While flowers diffuse delicious sweets around,  
Perfume the air, and decorate the ground.

Here luxury itself is innocent ;  
    Indulgence never carried to excess ;  
Pure, balmy pleasure, sacred joys augment,  
    Constrain the soul the forming hand to bless ;  
Such scenes, when rightly view'd, as oft I find,  
Regale the sense, and cheer the drooping mind.

The lambs in friskful glee, their frolicks play,  
    The brooks in torrents, swell with vernal showers,  
The fertile plains and peaceful groves look gay ;  
    Each thicket breathes the fragrant breath of  
        flowers,  
The smoky town and noisy throng I quit,  
And quiet 'neath the Woodbine shade I sit.

Oft from the busy world I've here retir'd,  
    The inward tumults of my soul to quell ;  
The "passion of the groves" my bosom's fir'd,  
    Till clouds of darkness from my mind dispel,  
In solitude the troubled heart finds peace,  
And pensive anguish, from its pinings cease.

Huge craggy rocks, impending o'er my head,  
With frowning brows of sullen ghastly form ;  
Below, a dismal, dark abyss is spread ;  
Order confounded lies ! impervious gloom :  
They sleep in languid, indolent repose ;  
No vital energy within them glows.

The sun is calmly setting in the west :—  
'Tis gone—and all's a "dun obscurity ;"  
The weary and fatigu'd retire to rest,  
While it resigns the world to night and me ;  
Ye brilliant scenes diversified, adieu !  
Till morning dawns I see no more of you.

Nature's resplendent robe's entirely fled ;  
'Tis breathless silence : hark ! there's not a sound ;  
All's hush'd ; what awe ! Echo herself seems dead ;  
While midnight draws her sable curtain round ;  
Unnumber'd stars and planets run their course,  
Till light springs from its unexhausted source.

The gates of light unbar, all hail ! sweet morn ;  
Refulgent Phœbus rises in the east ;  
Dark clouds, like floating curtains, back are thrown ;  
Creation now presents a splendid feast :  
The philosophic eye may gaze and rove ;  
The contemplative mind, adore and love.

Pause :—hear the distant bleatings of the hills,  
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
The groves re-echo o'er the placid rills ;  
Mild zephyrs blow in aromatic gales!  
The peaceful flocks are feeding on the lawn ;  
The fruitful fields are smiling, cloth'd with corn.

Transparent streams glide on in crystal wave,  
Along the frigid banks harmoniously ;  
Or sometimes murmuring, in sounds most grave,  
As though they griev'd for want of unity :  
Be still, ye rivers ! hear my last adieu,  
And then with speed your rapid course renew.

Ye warbling choir, upborn on wings of praise,  
(Sweet cheerful tenants of the groves of trees,)  
Who rise, and wake the morn with artless lays,  
And make the woods resound with melodies ;  
Be hush'd, or sing your plaintive notes more slow,  
While I from you depart in grief and woe.

Luxuriant meadows cloth'd in cheerful green,  
Replenish'd with rich flowers of every hue,  
Or decorated, (most delightful scene!)  
With crops of herbage, that spontaneous grew  
With silent oratory tell, O ! tell,  
Your friend is come to take a last farewell!

(Words vanish ere they reach my quivering lips,  
As chok'd with grief, while rising from my heart ;  
My hand the pen in sorrow's cup low dips,  
And yet my grief is mock'd, as I depart ;  
I sigh " Farewell!" but even sighs rebound—  
Rocks, glens, rills, echo back the mournful sound.)

Oh, nature! thou hast liberally dealt  
Thy bounties to adorn this paradise :  
On thee I've gaz'd ; what ecstacies I've felt !  
Lost in astonishment, I close my eyes,  
And view no more with exquisite delight ;  
Ye scenes enchanting, vanish from my sight.

So fare-thee-well, unrivall'd, rural seat,  
Where Nature's votaries will oft repair,  
To view thy wonders, and thy beauties greet ;  
Elate the spirits, breathe salubrious air,  
Till their fond bosoms with high rapture swell,  
And then with me sigh out a long—"FARE-WELL! "

---

## A POETICAL EPISTLE, &amp;c.

---

"Why persecutest thou me?"

Dear sir, I would, but cant be mute,  
I understand that you dispute  
My authorship, to what I've wrote ;  
In doing this you have me smote  
With blows so foul that make me think,  
That I should them return with ink.  
And give me leave to tell you plain,  
That such a thing I do disdain ;  
From all such scandal I am clear,  
And therefore have no cause to fear  
That any one should me detect,  
And wonder you should me suspect.  
The lines which I to you have shown,  
Whate'er they be, are all my own ;  
If you declare it is not so,  
You make me sir, a thief you know ;  
I neither borrow, beg nor steal,  
To say I do, it makes me feel :



I write these lines to give a proof,  
That I can rhyme, however rough ;  
You will not sir for sake of spite,  
Presume to say I did not write  
The simple lines which now you hear ;  
No, no, the fact is proved most clear.  
You cannot say that I have took,  
This subject out of any book,  
Except my own, I mean my Nob.  
“Nay call it head, I pray you Bob,  
For if this from that quarter came,  
It must be worthy of that name,  
And that it did a fool may tell,  
It suits the thing throughout so well ;  
No man could better prove the case,  
And my objections so erase ;  
I would to sound conviction yield,  
And say the truth you’ve won the field,  
And as you thus have me address’d,  
I must believe you wrote the rest.”  
Then sir, you have me wrongly blamed,  
And of your conduct are asham’d ;  
But as your faith’s confirm’d in me,  
I would one moment serious be,  
Now If I’d done as you had thought,  
(Laid claim to what I never wrought,)  
Though simple may appear the fact,  
It makes me guilty of an act

Most horrid ! and to say the least,  
As bad as turning Roman Priest\*  
Indeed you know it makes me quite,  
A wicked lying hypocrite ;  
A character of nothing worth,  
Not fit to have a place on earth.  
“Nay stop (you say) you make too much  
Of what I’ve said, things are not such,  
I never thought you insincere,  
But quite reverse, yet did declare  
I thought the poetry you said  
You made yourself, was not so made.”  
Well then this proves me false, and I  
By saying so gave you the lie,  
And lying is a crime so base,  
That none could practise while in grace ;  
And if I’m not in grace, you see  
I’m not what I profess to be :  
But sir, I boldly you defy,  
And all the world to prove I lie ;  
I most detest the wicked crime,  
And have e’er since that blessed time,  
When I to Jesus did enlist,  
And took the name of Methodist.

---

\* A most scandalous report was in rapid circulation about the time of the above being written, that R. M. had turned a Popish Priest ; but fortunately it proved (like all other similar reports of him) a ridiculous falsehood, propagated by those who cared not what they said in order to degrade him, at least some such.

A lying christian cannot be,  
And I rejoice it is not me.  
No more of this I now proceed,  
To try your heart and mind to read ;  
For oft times have I wish'd to know,  
The thoughts that from your bosom flow ;  
If my ideas are correct,  
I in those lines your views select.  
Methinks I see thee now alone,  
First shake your head, then heave a groan ;  
And as you walk, you thus exclaim,  
"He certainly must be to blame ;  
The lines which he has read to me,  
He never made, it cannot be ;  
I dont believe it possible,  
For one like him to write so well ;  
He's copied them from other books,  
It must be so, how bad it looks ;  
Some one ere long I have no doubt,  
Will prove it so, and find him out ;  
And then at me they'll scoff and jeer,  
For always trying him to clear ;  
And I shall prove a silly fool,  
For being such a busy tool :  
'Tis true I long have proved his friend,  
And with his enemies contend,  
But while I plead his cause I find,  
I oft times hurt a brother's mind ;

I would not do this if I knew,  
That he was not sincerely true,  
I have believed him true till now,  
To prove him false I can't tell how ;  
I've watch'd him more than all, 'tis fact,  
And closely too in every act ;  
And I must speak in language strong,  
I've never seen an action wrong ;  
His character's without a stain,  
I trust through grace 'twill so remain ;  
He has a mighty throng of foes,  
Who daily strive him to oppose ;  
If the old proverb may be took,  
There's some fire, where there's so much  
smoke ;

But then he has a host of friends,  
Who more I think than make amends ;  
I'm therefore at a loss to know,  
What'er to think, to say or do ;  
His friends are such from motives pure,  
And seem resolv'd firm to endure ;  
I must believe his foes to be,  
Some little touch'd with jealousy !  
Where'er he goes a crowd is there,  
And this I know some cannot bear ;  
But for this very reason would,  
Despise and check his doing good ;

There's men with angels would dispute,  
Yea, such did Jesus persecute :  
When thousands flock'd to hear his word,  
The Pharisees with envy stir'd,  
Cri'd, "if we let this man alone,  
He'll raise a mob and take our throne."  
To see the synagogues bereft,  
Seats vacant when the saviour left,  
To view them crowded when he's there,  
Was what they could not, would not bear ;  
But strove with jealousy endu'd,  
To prejudice the multitude ;  
And though their heads and hearts well knew,  
He said and did what's just and true ;  
Yet self-applause was all their pride,  
The loss of which they deeply sigh'd ;  
They saw their craft in danger quite,  
And could no longer bear the sight.  
"He cast out devils they exclaim,  
But in the prince of devil's name ;"  
And thus with malice uppermost,  
They sinn'd against the Holy Ghost !  
Then let the jealous throng take care,  
Lest they against their sin should steer ;  
'Tis awful when great good is done,  
When souls to Christ are daily won ;  
For Christians to oppose and scoff,  
And wish the fellow *Mason* off.

Your ways to sink the man, I hate,  
'Tis infamous as here I state ;  
What thinkest thou of him, one cries,  
The other shakes his head and sighs ;  
And in his silence, volumes speak,  
He stabs him and away he'll sneak ;  
Some in a more deceptive way,  
Exclaim, there's—"I don't like to say."  
*Don't like to say*, you've said enough,  
But dumb assertions are no proof ;  
Why not speak out against him ?—why ?  
You can't do this without a lie ;  
You've chas'd suspicion fast along,  
The other whispers, "something's wrong ;"  
He runs and asks, why, "what's amiss,  
With Mr. M. ? I fear 'tis this—"  
And that no doubt is something bad,  
He seems to mourn and yet feels glad :  
The tale is to perfection brought,  
And prov'd at last it sprang from nought.  
But some to sharpen more their dart,  
And plunge it deeper in the heart,  
Would make you think they him esteem,  
They're sorry for him,—so they seem :  
Their grief assum'd is quickly spent,  
And scandalizing's their intent ;  
Before his face they aim to prove,  
That all they do is done in love :

As friends they greet, as foes they slay,  
Like Judas kiss and then betray.  
And thus you give his name a blot,  
If false or true it matters not ;  
Surmise, report, accuse, then you  
Turn *jury*, *judge*, and *jack-catch* too.  
Yes, some (oh ! tell it not in Gath)  
Have called him in malicious wrath  
A vile impostor to his face,  
Without a blush ! most foul disgrace !  
(Where, where is that pure principle,  
The charity which thinks no ill ;)   
To piety such make pretence,  
And boast in their superior sense ;  
But let them know a crime so base,  
Sufficient proves they've little grace ;  
And as for modesty and sense,  
It turns out scornful impudence ;  
And such with proud disdainful eyes,  
Pursue him as malignant spies ;  
They misconstrue each word and deed,  
Pretend his very thoughts to read,  
Strive all his virtues to conceal,  
And if he's faults, they them reveal ;  
Send them abroad both far and near,  
And mourn because no more give ear ;  
They make (as on them sweetly dwell,)  
A mole hill to a mountain swell.



And where's the man however bless'd,  
Could bear so rigorous a test,  
In men most holy, faults are found,  
If those alone are published round  
By foes, who wish to make all think  
The worst of him ;—the man must sink :  
If I took up a Southey's pen,  
I might degrade the best of men ;  
And then exalt with equal skill,  
The vilest wretch, as here I will !  
Conceal the vices of Tom Payne,  
And if he'd virtues let them reign ;  
Then let king David's virtues die,  
And all his vices magnify ;  
God's servant thus to fiends incline,  
*The Devil's agent* seems divine ;  
And so unjust to him their ways,  
I'd censure not if I could praise ;  
They try him by this test severe,  
The scrutinizing eye and ear :  
If ought was wrong they'd find it out,  
And circulate it all about ;  
While thousands at his fall would sigh,  
"Ah ! so we'd have it," some would cry,  
He stands his ground, I feel most glad,  
And nothing's proved in him that's bad ;  
And as they can't one crime detect,  
I think they owe to him respect ;

They should not tear a hole you know,  
Because they cannot find one through ;  
He's had of scandal quite his share,  
I wonder how he does it bear ;  
By grace proportion'd to his day ,  
He still rejoices on his way :  
They cannot say he discord sows,  
He peace proclaims where'er he goes ;  
His only aim appears to be,  
To rescue souls from misery.  
If its not Methodistic quite,  
'Tis Apostolic, and that's right,  
For if I fully know his plan,  
'Tis doing all the good he can ;  
God's word's his only rule and guide,  
What other rule is there beside ?  
To this, attention must be paid,  
To man's, exception should be made ;  
If he has had a Gospel call,  
It is to preach the word to all ;  
What ! do they think the work if done,  
Must be perform'd by them or none ?  
Have they not read what David did,  
(A thing all Popish laws forbid ;)   
He ate the shewbread, made a feast,  
On that design'd but for the Priest ;  
Shall not then He, a christian do,  
The thing like this, allow'd a Jew ;

“The thing (you say’s) above a joke,  
“By his proceeding rules are broke :  
’Tis not of any rule a breach,  
Admitting you will let him preach ;  
In this the ruling power you claim,  
And might give sanction without blame ;  
Suspicion from your minds erase,  
And him in christian love embrace ;  
Exclaim “I wish the man God speed,”  
“And bless’d in every word and deed ;”  
“Let God work but in his own way,”  
“Through any means by whom he may :”  
“If sinners turn and saints are blest,”  
“The Lord be prais’d, we’ll leave the rest.”  
Ah ! if this had been sooner done,  
How many souls had now been won :  
The fields are to the harvest white,  
And wait the sickle or the blight ;  
The labourers are few and weak,  
And loiterers we need not seek ;  
We grieve that we have such to spare,  
Who do not for poor sinners care ;  
Vast crowds are perishing all around,  
Who have not yet redemption found,  
Let those then who have power and will,  
Go work, for such should ne’er stand still ;  
Take care you don’t prevent this man,  
From doing all the good he can ;

Suppose the Lord designs to save,  
One soul through him, ('tis this he'd crave;)  
And through your saying he shan't go,  
That soul is lost in endless woe ;  
When God the judge requires of you,  
The blood of him, what will you do ?  
"We've been (you say) deceiv'd before,  
By men like him and griev'd most sore."  
Well that I willingly admit,  
But then I cannot think it fit  
To take a persecutor's place,  
And cast (through one) o'er all disgrace ;  
Why should we one sincere despise,  
Because vile men in base disguise,  
Have brought reproach upon God's cause.  
This does not change Jehovah's laws ;  
Let him who readeth understand,  
And not me with presumption brand.  
A beggar once approach'd my door,  
To crave a crust I gave him more ;  
He seem'd with joy to take my mite,  
But horrid act,—got drunk that night ;  
I felt through this myself abus'd,  
Another came, I him refus'd ;  
A third petition'd me that day,  
Whom I sent destitute away ;  
But oh ! my heart is broke to tell,  
That night he lingering fell,—he fell

A prey to poverty and death,  
 On the cold road resign'd his breath,  
 With streaming eyes "Lord save" he cri'd ;  
 Th en faintingsunk, and starving die'd  
 "Oh ! piercing news, my blood rns chill,  
 T'was I who did the stranger kill ;"  
 Absorb'd in tears I rais'd the cry,  
*Who is it ?* and I'd this reply ;  
 "A blessed man of God was he,  
 Who well deserv'd thy charity ;  
 He ne'er till then relief had sought,  
 But starv'd"—Oh ! cease to speak ; the  
                   thought

Has rent my soul ! what tongue can tell,  
 My grief is now unspeakable,  
 Oh me ! my heart bleeds every pore,  
 I turn'd the Saviour from my——!"  
 Words swell'd too big for utterance,  
 He fell, as though depriv'd of sense,  
 And spake no more !!! \*           \*           \*

\*               \*               \*               \*               \*  
 No application need I make,  
 My parable you'll not mistake ;  
 Don't all discard for one's offence,  
 The world does this, you've better sense  
 Display it then ! bid envy cease,  
 And let the man remain in peace ;  
 He will with us no longer stay,  
 When he can justly get away ;

Indeed I think he should not go,  
There's work enough for him to do ;  
Besides there's many will him hear,  
That move above the common sphere ;  
Who never in their lives have gone.  
To hear a Methodist, not one !  
And strangers frequently get good,  
In far less time than others would ;  
A Blacksmith's dog, will sleep most sound,  
While anvils ring and sparks fly round ;  
If in the shop a strange dog goes,  
He fears the sparks and dreads the blows.  
So many sit God's word to hear,  
Without effect from year to year ;  
When one who ne'er it heard goes in,  
He's instantly convinc'd of sin,  
And such will flock to hear this man,  
In every place where'er they can ;  
For novelty is such a thing,  
That it will crowds together bring ;  
Of hearing him they much approve,  
And thus their prejudice remove.  
Young converts we have heard exclaim,  
"Praise God I ever heard his name !  
Through him was I convinc'd of sin,  
'Twas he my soul to Christ did win."  
Such is the common cry all round,  
To some a most unwelcome sound.

And so it was in ancient times,  
From envy flows most cruel crimes ;  
King Saul, poor David friendly greets,  
When first he hears his mighty feats !  
But as the stripling's fame arose,  
It more disturb'd the king's repose :  
And when it soar'd above his own,  
He seem'd as though he'd lost his throne ;  
The cry, "Saul's slain his thousands !" —  
    pleas'd,  
"But David his ten thousand !" — teas'd,  
Till rage and malice, vents its strife,  
In seeking humble David's life.  
Precisely so the present case,  
Although it proves a foul disgrace ;  
But ah ! what has not envy done,  
It murder'd Christ, God's only Son !  
It hates that in another's breast,  
Possessing which it feels self bless'd.  
The butt of envy is this man,  
Most at him fire, all hit who can :  
He meekly bears their foulest blows,  
And humbly prays for all his foes ;  
Resolv'd to conquer them by love,  
And make them all his work approve,  
I ask for what do they him blame ?  
He casts out Devils in Christ's name :



If not in all things with us walk,  
His conduct's good, likewise his talk ;  
Whatever prejudice they've got,  
The Saviour says "forbid him not ; "  
Let Bigots then be strictly nice,  
But I will take my Lord's advice ;  
He preaches Methodism pure,  
And with success, of this I'm sure ;  
I also know the cause he loves,  
Of all that's wesleyan approves ;  
Though tempted he has been to leave,  
It only makes him closer cleave ;  
Though offers great of worldly gain,  
Are to him made, yet all's in vain ;  
He scorns all earthly honour—wealth—,  
Exposes character and health ;  
No moments will he wile away,  
But labours hard both night and day.  
We know we have of him great need,  
And ought to wish the man God speed ;  
I dare not him oppose, lest I,  
Should fight against the Lord Most High !  
If God had not him favour shown,  
He would not so his labours own :  
I, as a prophet him receive,  
And in that name I freely give  
To him, what'er my house contains ;  
He asks no more for all his pains

He has, nor *will not* take of one,  
A farthing, not for all he's done ;  
He only asks for bed and board,  
To preach for less he can't afford ;  
However humble be his fare,  
If welcome, he's contented there ;  
He's been with us a length of time,  
If winning souls should prove a crime,  
'Tis plain he's guilty ! sadly too ;  
But that is not a crime you know ;  
Well, never mind it, let it slide,  
My house to him is open wide ;  
I as a stranger took him in,  
And do not feel convinced of sin ;  
When I before God's bar appear,  
I hope to see our Brother there ;  
And hear with joy the judge exclaim,  
"You took my servant in my name,  
What's done unto the least of mine,  
Is done to me, arise and shine !"   
With such a prospect in my view,  
I'll use the man with kindness due :  
As God hath mercy shown to me,  
The same to him, I'll show as free ;  
That day for recompense I'll trust,  
**THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST."**  
Thus sir have I, (if I am right,)   
Your thoughts described in black and white,

And in conclusion woud I say,  
I know you'll not your friend betray ;  
And let me add, I'll be to you,  
(By grace divine) sincerely true.  
I hope and trust my every act,  
Will prove you've said of me what's fact :  
If others scandalize my name,  
My life shall show they wrongly blame ;  
With this determined zeal I end,  
Remaining your unshaken friend ;  
And while I say that I am thine,  
I do believe that thou art mine :  
Oh ! then sir when its well with thee,  
Forget not poor unworthy me ;  
Farewell ! may you bright glory share,  
Go on,—go on, I'LL MEET YOU THERE.

*Most affectionately yours,*

R. MASON.

---

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

---

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are Peace."

I was not born of Parents who enjoy'd,  
The sacred sweets that from religion flow ;  
Of those delights they were entirely void,  
And only what they had, could they bestow.

No prayer ascended to the Lord for me,  
No pious admonition I received ;  
No good example did I ever see,  
Of those great blessings I was quite bereaved.

Bound down in sin and ignorance were they,  
And scarcely knew themselves of souls possess'd ;  
While Satan reign'd with unmolested sway  
In their proud hearts, thus lull'd to peace and rest.

Self-righteousness (vain prop) was all their boast,  
And yet of this they nothing had to plead ;  
They saw not their disease, how sunk and lost  
And therefore no physician did they need.

They train'd me up to practices most vile,  
Yet those applauded by the worldly wise ;  
I them pursued (oh wretched fruitless toil,)  
Till wearied out from them I closed my eyes.

I found no pleasure in the paths of sin,  
Although I drank it in a flowing bowl ;  
But misery and death was stamp'd within,  
And all proved worse than poison to my soul.

As light increased the darkness fled away,  
Which long had held me in its direful chain ;  
I look'd and saw the dawning of that day,  
Which brought the joy that banish'd guilt and pain,

When first I saw myself a sinner great,  
And felt conviction's arrows pierce my heart ;  
I pray'd, wept, sigh'd, bewail'd my sinful state,  
Till God in mercy did his grace impart.

The cloud was then dispersed, and I beheld  
By faith, the Saviour bath'd in sweat and blood ;  
He on me look'd and smiled, my heart was fill'd ;  
In confidence I cried, "MY LORD MY GOD."

Then was I happy, ne'er till then, ah ! no,  
All, all my joy's from that bless'd hour I date ;  
From thence they took their rise, to that they flow,  
My heart and life was changed, oh ! blissful state,

'Twas then a host of enemies arose  
To quench the spark enkindled in my breast ;  
Those whom I loved most dear, did me oppose,  
Nor day nor night would they e'er give me rest.

Thrust out from home and on the wide world cast,  
Deprived of friends most dear, and earthly gain ;  
Such was my bitter portion, but 'tis past,  
May heaven pardon all who gave me pain.

If piety's a crime, I'm guilty quite,  
And humbly ask forgiveness from above ;  
If good it be ; possessing it, I'm right,  
Let reason, scripture, or experience prove,

Reason exclaims, no soul impure can go  
To where God dwells, for that's a holy place ;  
God's word declares man's born exposed to woe,  
Experience cries, we're only saved by grace.

Thus all affirm religion's the best choice,  
And all who die without it, lost must be ;  
While those are saved who have it, and rejoice,  
And shall for ever ! why then so use me ?

The reason why they proved so stern, severe,  
I cannot tell, but think it so unkind ;  
Perhaps they had concerning me a fear,  
Religion's ways would quite derange my mind.

Mistaken notion ! this can't be the ease,  
Religion makes men happy, wise, and good ;  
They need not fear that I should them disgrace,  
If cruel treatment quench'd it, then I should.

Let them reflect ! the Lord the change hath made,  
And all who hinder me, against him fight ;  
"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?" Christ said,  
Yet Saul thought he was doing what was right.

What's done to mine (the least) is done to me,  
No weapon form'd against them shall succeed ;  
All tongues that rise to scoff, condemn'd shall be,  
In that great day when God our hearts will read.

O that my parents would but think of this,  
They must believe and know I wish them well ;  
The dread of not beholding them in bliss,  
Makes my fond heart to bleed, and bosom swell.

Why would they see me wicked as before,  
Am not I towards them faithful, kind, and true ?  
If I turn back, t'will grieve their hearts more sore,  
Oh, would they but consider what they do.

If they should turn me from this blissful way,  
The Lord my soul will at their hands require ;  
And they with me will mourn and rue the day,  
By weeping, wailing, in eternal fire.



Great God prevent it ! turn their hearts to thee,  
Their errors banish, prejudice remove ;  
Grant them thy grace to love, then they'll love me,  
And all at last shall meet with joy above, }  
To swell the praises of redeeming love. }

---

### THE MISSIONARY'S DEPARTURE.

---

“Farewell to old England ; a land of vile strangers  
Invites me to cross o'er the watery main ;  
A region replete with diseases and dangers,  
Who know not the Lamb that for sinners was slain :  
I feel I must publish the tidings of joy,  
To those wretched creatures ; but who'll me employ ?

What restless anxiety, inward contention,  
Between flesh and spirit, fond nature and grace ;  
Before he dare venture, the matter to mention :  
He does it, but others regard not his case,  
He prays, the Church sanctions, joy mingles with  
                  sorrow,  
He bids all adieu, and departs on the morrow.

Ah ! see the poor mother, the sight is heart-rending,  
She clings to her darling, and faints in his arms :  
The fond weeping sister, is over him bending,  
The brave Christian hero now fill'd with alarms,  
Exclaims, my dear mother, wont you let me go ?  
She faltering answers, I dare not say *no*.

Now comes the grand struggle, the final disunion,  
From all fond caresses, alas ! he is torn :  
He sighs out adieu ! to sweet christian communion,  
And on the rough billows, away he is borne.  
"Kind Parent and Sister, sweet home and my nation,  
I leave thee to take to the heathen salvation.

So farewell for ever, my sweet peaceful dwelling,  
Wherever I wander, whate'er clime I see,  
My fond throbbing bosom, that's now with grief  
                  swelling,  
Shall mournfully, joyfully, turn unto thee ;  
The dark stormy ocean between us, can't sever  
The heart of affection, forget thee—no, never.

Oh ! think of poor Robert, while crossing the ocean,  
When mighty winds roll high the boisterous wave ;  
While thou hast a bed of soft down for thy portion,  
Perhaps he is in fear of a watery grave :  
When thy head composed, reclines on thy pillow,  
Forget not a Brother that's toss'd on the billow."

He lands on the desert, the prospect how dreary !  
No one bids him welcome, all count him their foe ;  
He toils amidst perils, his spirit is weary,  
Consumption assails him, behold ! he's brought low :  
Oh ! where is my Mother and Sister he cries,  
Forsaken, heartbroken, unpitied, he dies.

Thus fell he a victim, amidst fierce diseases.  
He died a true Martyr in Jesus' cause ;  
Oh ! bear home the tidings ye swift-swelling breezes,  
Bemoan his departure, he needs not applause ;  
His ashes beyond the wide ocean are sleeping,  
While friends and relations are comfortless weeping.

---

FAREWELL TO HOME.

---

Oh Home, sweet home, how dear art thou to me!  
Now I am from thee banish'd far away,  
My throbbing heart bleeds while I think of thee ;  
Oh! when shall I behold that happy day,  
Which brings me to that blissful spot once more,  
And all I once enjoy'd again restore ;  
'This balm applied, will heal up every sore.

How many storms of sorrow have I seen,  
Since that most painful moment when I left  
My kind endearing friends, what feelings keen  
Have wrung my heart, because of them bereft ;  
No human tongue, the bitter pang can tell,  
How much it made my aching bosom swell,  
When I with streaming eyes exclaim'd "Farewell."

While memory retains its seat, I'll ne'er  
Forget the truly melancholy hour ;  
The hour of separation—stroke severe ;  
I think, and then reflection brings a shower,

A teeming shower of tears wrung from the heart ;  
I can't suppress them, they anon will start,  
Whene'er I think of friends so far apart.

With pain and pleasure I the scene review,  
When at the coach with all my friends most dear,  
We faintly cry'd Farewell ! the coach withdrew,  
I wav'd my hand and shed the parting tear ;  
I turn'd again but none of them espied,  
I bow'd my head, and heavily I sigh'd ;  
Then "Fare-thee-well for evermore I cry'd."

All day I travell'd, and the dreary night,  
Came slowly on, the time I long'd to see ;  
I wish'd to hide my tears from mortals sight :  
When darkness came they flow'd from notice free,  
They ran profusely down my palid face,  
And nought the keen impression could erase,  
Absorb'd in grief I reach'd my destin'd place.

Here am I in this solitary spot,  
A stranger quite to all where'er I roam ;  
A mournful exile is my hapless lot :  
*Far off* from *friends* most dear, and home sweet home  
I must my state deplore, my loss bewail,  
In this sad pensive melancholy tale,  
The waves roll'd high, and dismal was the gale.

The first fair Sabbath came, I look'd around,  
For some kind friend to sympathize with me;  
I sought with diligence, no one I found,  
To whom I could unfold my misery ;  
Each one appear'd on whom I cast my eye,  
To frown displeasure in their looks most shy,  
I ask'd the cause, and found the reason why.

But ah ? when I the contrast draw, how great  
The difference seems unspeakable, if I  
Compare the present with my former state;  
My bosom only tells it with a sigh,  
I dare not trust my lips with words to tell ;  
Too big for utterance, within they swell,  
My tongue shall not against my heart rebel.

Twelve months ago and all was well with me,  
Encircled by kind friends on every side ;  
With whom the longest day too swift did flee,  
But ah! these pleasures now are me denied ;  
"T'was happiness too exquisite to last,  
The clearest sky is now with clouds o'ercast,  
How painful to reflect on bliss gone past".

With cheering smiles my friends and I did meet,  
If low in spirits soon we found relief ;  
We sung and sigh'd and held communion sweet,  
By sympathizing love, divided grief :

If one rejoic'd all did his rapture share ;  
If he lamented we'd his burden bear,  
And thus we liv'd in love and mutual prayer.

But now I'm here forsaken and forlorn  
My friends are gone, there's none to weep for me ;  
I sigh and almost wish I'd ne'er been born,  
Each day increases more my misery ;  
Foes strive each word and deed to misconstrue,  
All's wrong whate'er I think or say or do ;  
And yet I aim to be sincerely true.

But do I write like one of grace possess'd,  
Is not this worldly sorrow working death,  
With which I feel my soul so much oppress'd,  
Why in each line breathe out so much foul breath ;  
If I yeild to it I shall lower sink ;  
'Twill push me to the grave and ruins brink ;  
Tis bitter poison; I'll no more it drink.

---



## THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

---

What means that window robb'd of half its light ?  
And at mid-day, while Sol is shining bright ;  
I tremble to approach it, Oh ! I dread,  
I fear it tells me that my friend is dead.  
I cross the way, a feeble voice I hear,  
The servant comes, I see the starting tear,  
She strives to speak, alas! her voice doth fail;  
But solemn silence tells the mournful tale ;  
At length in broken accents, language flows,  
She thus unfolds her bitter griefs and woes ;  
"Oh Sir! my Master's dead, what shall I do,  
Though but a servant, I revered him too.  
"He's gone! he died at six o'clock this morn,  
And left us all heart-broken and forlorn,  
Do, do come in, we long'd your face to see,  
My dearest mistress will be sooth'd by thee,  
Alarming and distressing is her state,  
She fainting, sinks beneath the heavy weight ;  
Her earthly joys are now for ever fled,  
Do but go in, and raise her drooping head ;

Thus did she speak ! her case my heart did win ;  
I could not but comply, and so went in :  
The room I slowly enter'd and I found  
All bath'd in tears, and bending to the ground ;  
O'er each pale countenance I stood and gaz'd,  
With speechless awe, heart-broken, and amaz'd ;  
Our tears we mingled, yes, I took my share,  
And sympathizing did the burden bear ;  
The weeping widow, who could scarcely stand,  
Beheld me by her, and reach'd out her hand :  
With grief I took it, but in christian love,  
With eyes uplited to the realms above :  
She paus'd awhile, then with affection kind  
Did thus unfold the sorrows of her mind.  
"How glad I am if such can gladness be,  
That you are here, and I your face do see ;  
Weigh'd down am I in wretchedness and grief,  
Yet will your presence give me some relief ;  
What shall I do, O whither shall I flee ?  
What will become of my dear babes and me ?  
They've lost a father, tender, kind and true,  
Whose real worth, alas ! they never knew ;  
They now are left forsaken and forlorn,  
To mourn and wish they never had been born ;  
While I remain in this dark vale alone,  
To heave the sigh, and bitter midnight groan ;  
Farewell ! Farewell ! my husband dear she cried,  
Oh ! would to God I had but with thee died.

Thus did she speak, then sorrow fled away,  
Despair was banish'd by hopes cheering ray ;  
When grief subsided, doubts to faith gave place,  
We humbly bow'd before the throne of grace,  
And pray'd that God would sanctify the stoke,  
But sighs prevented, for each heart was broke ;  
Then from our knees we rose with bitter cries,  
With feeble voices, and with downcast eyes.  
But fleeting moments chas'd away my grief,  
And quickly after I obtain'd relief.  
Then I address'd her in such words as those,  
You know the source from whence affliction flows ;  
It comes from one whom you will ever find,  
Too wise to err, too good to be unkind ;  
For some wise purpose he is ta'en away,  
From all the evils of a future day ;  
Then murmur not but fall before his feet,  
And give him all the praise that's due and meet ;  
He has declared in his most precious word,  
On which you trust and in which you have heard ;  
He will a husband to the widow be,  
And father to the fatherless family :  
Dry up thy tears, no longer then complain,  
The loss so great is his eternal gain ;  
Still walk by faith, watch, strive, and pray, then thou  
Shall soon arise with glory on thy brow ;  
Soon shalt thou meet him on yon happy shore,  
In bliss divine to separate no more :  
So spake the lowly muse and thus did cease,  
She heard, obey'd and then joy love and peace,

Serenely on her countenance appear'd,  
While gloom all vanish'd, and her heart was cheer'd ;  
She cast her all, dependant on her God,  
And bow'd submissive to his chast'ning rod ;  
"Thy will be done, not mine," she humbly cry'd,  
Then ceas'd, and felt the stroke was sanctified.

---

### UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

---

DEAR friend, the news I hear of thee  
Appears a melancholy fact ;  
Thy union (almost form'd) will be  
The most unwise, impious act.  
What ! tell the Saviour to his face  
You love his foe above his friend !  
A clog take up to mend thy pace,  
What folly!—contemplate the end :

Your souls unite? ah, no! they'll mix  
Like oil and water—painful thought!  
On sin thy fond affections fix;  
Oh! sell not thus thy soul for nought!  
What fellowship hath sin with grace?  
Or light with darkness? None at all.  
Delusive dream! away it chase,  
Lest thou to endless ruin fall;  
Defend thy cause,—what is thy plea?  
“I hope,” you say, “his soul to win.”  
What! leave the path of piety,  
Go out to bring another in!  
Speak on. “I think it Heaven's will,  
I hope,”—nay stop, you wound me there—  
“I've pray'd, and feel my conscience still.”  
Insult not God with such a prayer,  
His will to man is in his word;  
You it possess, and can it read,  
The Bible fetch, see where you've err'd,  
It sanctions—no, forbids the deed,  
Yea, it commands you to withdraw:  
“Come out, touch not the unclean thing.”  
And would you violate God's law?  
And one in closest union bring?  
Suppose you join and live in peace,  
(Though such an union scarce can be,)  
That time, though pleasant, soon will cease,  
Then sever'd through eternity;

For he with whom on earth you dwell  
Can never with you heaven share;  
Your bosom friend is lost in hell;  
I say then, have him IF YOU DARE.

---

THE  
PENITENT SEEKING, OBTAINING,  
AND REJOICING IN SALVATION.

---

OH! that I knew where I could find  
The bliss for man on earth design'd,  
The purchased blessing, *inward peace* ;  
For this I'll pray, and never cease.  
No solid joys are here below,  
Save those that from religion flow:  
But I, a wretch, alas! have none,  
Yet still I hope the work's begun;



If I both know and feel with grief  
Myself undone, of sinners chief,  
Have "godly sorrow" for my sin  
That works repentance from within,  
If I then as a sinner fly  
To God through Christ, for mercy cry,  
Believe, and feel my sins forgiven,  
Am not I then an heir of heaven?  
Lord make me thus a child of thine!  
For this I sigh, for this I pine,  
Let Jesu's blood be now applied,  
Oh! let me feel I'm justified!  
I dare not, cannot, *will not* rest  
Till I am with salvation blest,  
Till thou hast set the captive free,  
And I find happiness in thee.  
Bid me the Holy Ghost receive,  
I dare, I can, I *will* believe.  
My Jesus, thou art mine, I **do**  
Believe, and feel I'm pardon'd too.  
Oh, glory, glory, glory be  
To God for what he's done for me;  
My light is come, a ray divine,  
In Christ I now arise and shine.  
O keep me, Lord, while here below;  
Speak to me that I forward go;  
Make me on earth a burning light,  
And then a saint in glory bright.



THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

---

Is this the dark and gloomy cell  
Where thou must rest thy head and sleep?  
Must thy once lovely form here dwell?  
I bend o'er thee, and sigh, and weep.  
Shall worms thee seize, their lawful prey,  
And on thee feed their choicest store?  
While thou to ashes dost decay,  
Till greedy graves their slain restore.  
That *heart* which lov'd religion's ways,  
Those *ears* which once me heard with joy,  
That *tongue* once spent in prayer and praise,  
Shall here no more seek such employ;  
That *breast* which ofttimes heaved the sigh,  
That *head*, once fill'd with pious thought,  
Those *eyes* (when sin was view'd) ne'er dry,  
All to this dreary grave are brought.  
Those *feet* which virtue's path have trod,  
Shall rest through time in this cold tomb,  
Those *hands* once raised in prayer to God  
Lie motionless in earth's dark womb.

There sleeps my friend, with whom I've  
spent

Many a pious, joyful hour,  
But ah! that time was only lent,  
For now the grave does her devour.  
Farewell for ever, dear young friend;  
I bid thee now my last adieu;  
Oh! may I, when life's journey end,  
In yon bright world of bliss meet you!

---

### NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

---

ANOTHER rolling year hath ceas'd to move;  
Time will not for us stay: 'tis gone to prove,  
'Tis gone to tell, its woeful tale of me,  
If I've not spent it as it ought to be.

How many changes through it there have  
been,

And many sorrows in it we have seen!

What numbers of our dearest friends are gone

(Since it commenc'd) into a world unknown!

How many families have been depriv'd

Of those from whom all comfort they deriv'd!

What bitter pangs of separation felt

Wrung out the tear, and caus'd the heart to  
melt!

To thousands this sad language will apply,

And while they read, their hearts will heave  
the sigh.

Such the experience of the year that's past;

And this will prove the same, and fly as  
fast.

Swift as it flies, yet we, before 'tis fled,

May be entomb'd among the silent dead.

Boast not then of to-morrow, O young man!

Thy time on earth may prove the shortest  
span.

How many, young and healthy quite as you,

Have in the last year bid the world adieu!

They counted then of many joyful years,

But now they've left this gloomy vale of tears.

And such may be thy case, Oh! pause and  
think;

Fly swift to Christ, lest thou for ever sink:

One future moment thou canst never claim,  
Nor shun the monster Death, nor quench  
the burning flame.

---

### THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

---

AND art thou gone, my dearest infant child?  
For ever left this dreary vale of woe?  
Would'st thou not stay with us to be beguil'd  
By no vain pomp or pleasure here below?  
Thine eyes one moment view'd a ray of light,  
Then fled as if disgusted at the sight;  
Yes! thou art gone to regions far away,  
To praise thy Maker in the realms above;  
While I am left to mourn both night and day,  
Through losing thee, fond object of my love.  
But dearest babe, forget it not that I  
Am still thy mother, though, alas! forlorn;

I upwards send to thee a wishful sigh,  
And feel my soul of all its glory shorn;  
I still imagine thou art at my breast;  
I see thy tears, and hear thee cry and mourn;  
My thoughts of thee disturb my wonted rest;  
My heart is rent by thy expiring groan.  
Look down my David from thy seat in bliss,  
And now behold thy mother bath'd in tears;  
Oh! could she now embrace thee! ah! one  
kiss

Would sooth her grief, and banish all her  
fears.

But thou art gone; I cannot thee recall;  
My lovely child will not return to me.  
To thee, my God, I will submissive fall:  
It must be right, because it comes from thee.  
Perhaps 'twas done to save me from the curse,  
The worst of curses—a *divided heart*.  
No longer I the pleasing idol nurse,  
I've dug his grave, and this has caus'd my  
smart.

Perhaps some dismal cloud hung o'er his head  
Which threaten'd his destruction in his youth,  
He might have been in sin and error led,  
And wandered far from honesty and truth;  
But God in mercy took my infant home,  
From all the evils He foresaw would come.

---

## PAINFUL AND PIOUS RETROSPECT.

---

TWELVE dreary months are almost flown away,  
Roll'd in eternity their tale to tell;  
I backward look, the mournful path survey,  
And while I gaze my bosom's made to swell.

Unutterable anguish fills my soul  
My bleeding heart is pierc'd with bitter grief,  
While dismal storms of trouble round me roll;  
O whither shall I flee to gain relief?

I raise my drooping eyes to thee, my God,  
And prostrate fall before the throne of grace;  
I pray for aid divine to kiss the rod;  
O hide not from me thy sweet smiling face!

My trembling spirit, why art thou cast down?  
Why so disquieted within my breast?

Hope thou in God ; His providence may frown,  
But grace shall order all things for the best.

'Tis all-sufficient for thy present case,  
Doubt not the Sun of Righteousness will rise  
To heal thy wounded heart, thy sorrows chase,  
To scatter grief, and kindle banish'd joys.

Lord, I believe, the promise is for me;  
I rest my faith upon thy word secure;  
With humble confidence I look to Thee,  
And while I look, deliverance is sure.

O send it then, if pleasing in thy sight;  
Bid me once more in blooming hope rejoice;  
If not, uphold me by thy Spirit's might;  
Speak, Lord, thy servant will obey thy voice.

---



ON CHUSING A COMPANION  
FOR LIFE.

---

DEAR Sir you ask for my advice,  
Which I most cheerfully impart,  
Though on a point that's strictly nice,  
I'll give it still with all my heart.  
But why do you apply to one,  
Who only knows in theory ;  
Ask those who've through the process gone,  
They teach experimentally :  
But never mind that, let it pass,  
I'll prove a friend without disguise.  
I'm told you want a carnal lass :  
Oh ! let not such a thought arise ;  
What ! marry one you should not touch !  
God says "be separate from such :"  
She'll be as poison to thy soul,  
Thy offspring lead the downward way,  
Let vice thy servants' hearts control,  
Thy pious friends she'll tear and slay.

If you'd incur the wrath of God,  
You can't a better plan pursue ;  
But if you'd shun his scourging rod,  
Be careful then of what you do.  
Unequal marriages at first,  
Brought on the deluge of the world ;  
They God forsook and follow'd lust,  
Till all were in destruction hurl'd :  
This sin possess'd the promis'd land,  
Drew Israel to Idolatry,  
Till ruin spread on every hand,  
The fruit of their apostacy.  
And in our brighter Gospel day,  
What evils spring from this foul stock ;  
How many souls have lost their way  
To bliss, and split upon this rock.  
Oh ! never take the hand of one  
Whose heart is not to Jesus gone.  
Suppose you gain'd your point in this,  
And married one in nature's night,  
Delusive then would be thy bliss ;  
View her in various points of light ;  
Would she a fond *companion* prove,  
One touch'd with sweetest sympathy ;  
Through all life's chequer'd scene thee love,  
And meekly with thine heart agree :  
Would she a *Mother* prove most kind,  
Her hands and heart with thine unite,

To bend, instruct the infant mind,  
By precepts and examples bright :  
As *Mistress* of thine house, will she  
A pious servant most esteem ;  
Delight to pray and praise with thee,  
And drink of life the living stream :  
Will she a quiet *Neighbour* prove,  
Obliging, to thy friends sincere.  
Canst thou her dark associates love,  
Or thine with her's true union share ;  
In these respects a clog she'll be,  
To drag thy soul to misery :  
No feet to run the Christian race,  
Nor hands to give the least relief ;  
No ears to hear thy trying case,  
Nor heart to sooth thine inward grief ;  
No eyes to look at things unseen,  
Nor tongue to sing the Saviour's praise ;  
No taste for ought but pleasures mean,  
But still a soul to hate thy ways ;  
She'll most detest thy fervent prayers,  
And scoff at all thy precepts wise,  
Be careless of thy anxious cares,  
Mock at thy griefs, thy joys despise ;  
She'll lead thy mind from God astray,  
"Thou art a bloody husband" cry,  
Despise thee in her heart and say  
When thou art low, "*curse God and die.*"

If God should please to crown thy life,  
With goodness and prosperity,  
Will she, thy unconverted wife,  
Devote to God a part with thee :  
If disappointment prove thy lot,  
She'll say religion brought thee low ;  
And when temptation fierce and hot,  
Assails thee, what can she bestow ?  
If low in spirits, will she cheer  
Thy drooping heart with songs of praise ?  
Or when enraptur'd, can she share  
The comforts which thy soul upraise ?  
And in the final hour, what keen—  
But I forbear to draw this scene.  
Lest such should prove my mournful case ;  
May I be mindful how I act,  
Choose one whose heart's renew'd by grace,  
And be assured that its a fact ;  
Let none be made one flesh with me,  
That's not one spirit Lord with thee.  
I hear you say tis not the case,  
Your information's not correct ;  
I would not so myself disgrace,  
The Lord's commands I more respect :  
Then give me leave to ask is she  
A person of true piety ?  
Has she e'er felt conviction's dart,  
Inspired by light divine within ;

Hath deep contrition broke her heart ?  
Arising from a sight of sin,  
And has she fled in self-despair,  
To Jesus who for sinners died ?  
Believing left her burden there,  
And feels by grace she's justified :  
Does now in her Gods image shine ?  
If so, she's beautiful and pure,  
Her raiment's righteousness divine,  
And spotless is her character :  
Her actions are adorn'd with grace,  
Her portion is eternal life ;  
She's royal blood, then her embrace,  
She's worthy to become thy wife :  
Oh ! take her to thine heart and keep her  
there,  
Then thou art bless'd, and she'll thy blessings  
share.

---

Thus, my dear brother, thou hast reach'd this shore,  
But thy fond mother is, alas ! no more.  
Dear child; bereft, though innocent of all  
The sore distresses that would thee befall ;  
No parent's hand to wipe the falling tear,  
To sooth thy sorrow, or thy heart to cheer.  
“ My mother ! ” ah ! that sweet, parental word  
Was never taught thee, or by thee e'er heard :  
Stern death dissolv'd the most endearing tie,  
Left thee forlorn to heave the bitter sigh.

---

### ELIJAH'S PEACEFUL EXIT.

---

ELIJAH's gone, translated to the skies ;  
His mantle falls ; aloft his spirit flies :  
He bore the name of one once very great,  
Though in a period liv'd of nobler date.

The bright effusions of God's Spirit shone  
On our Elijah that was never known  
To that great prophet, in his day obscure ;  
His was the shadow, ours the substance pure.  
God did in him his mighty power display,  
As in the prophet, though a different way ;  
His sacrifice was ne'er devour'd by fire,  
Which made his foes to blush, and then expire ;  
Yet on the altar of his heart did burn  
The sacred flame, which did so swift return  
To him who kindled it, in prayer and praise,  
In faith and love, in joy and extacies.  
No ravens brought him food in time of need,  
Yet he who fed the ravens did him feed ;  
He ne'er by prayer withheld the needful rain,  
Yet did he blessings greater far obtain ;  
Dead bodies he ne'er made (like him) to live,  
Yet he dead souls through Christ new life did give ;  
He never kept the widow's oil from waste,  
Yet of his cruse she ofttimes had a taste ;  
He ne'er divided Jordan with his rod,  
Yet he pass'd through, and landed safe with God ;  
He never wrought a miracle at all,  
Yet one was wrought on him, excelling all ;  
A miracle of grace, which sav'd his soul,  
And gave him o'er sin, death, and hell control :  
The prophet's life was wonderful indeed,  
Elijah's death did all his life exceed ;



He did not enter glory without death,  
Yet he triumphantly resign'd his breath  
Into His hands who first inspired the flame,  
Who gives and takes, and blessed be his name.  
Ah, yes ! he's gone, victorious was his end ;  
Oh ! may his God for ever be my friend !  
That when my days in number are complete,  
I may in peace expire, in bliss him meet,  
To cast our dazzling crowns at Jesu's feet.

}

---

### THE LOCK OF HAIR.

---

THIS lock of hair did once the head adorn  
Of lovely Martha, now, alas ! no more ;  
Ah ! painful thought ! her virgin beauty's shorn,  
And worms now ravage that fond body o'er ;  
Yes, thy sweet form is mouldering into clay,  
But angels bore thy better part away.

Those sparkling eyes, which sweetly gaz'd on me,  
Those lovely hands, which mine have softly press'd,  
That raptur'd tongue, inspir'd with melody,  
That tender heart, with every virtue bless'd,  
The blooming cheeks, the placid smiles are fled,  
The throbbing breast, the graceful form are dead.

Alas ! the tie, the powerful tie is broke,  
Which bound my spirit to the world below ;  
Distressing thought ! I bow beneath the stroke,  
And feel *alone* in this dark vale of woe ;  
My earthly all hath took her final flight,  
My sun is set, and all is dismal night.

With pensive anguish nightly I repair,  
And gaze with fond affection on thy urn ;  
Absorb'd in tears, I kiss the lock of hair,  
Which speaks of pleasures never to return.  
Oh ! memory, how long wilt thou restore  
Her image whom my soul must still adore ?

And art thou gone ? ah ! yes, the dye is cast,  
The battle's fought, the victory's obtain'd,  
The struggle's o'er, the storm of life is pass'd,  
The ocean's cross'd, the blissful port is gain'd ;  
Safe landed on that bright eternal shore,  
Where waves are still'd, and tempests howl no more.

But thou art waiting in the realms of light,  
To hail my spirit as it leaves the clay,  
With crowns, and palms, and robes of purest white,  
Ah, yes ! thy spirit beckons mine away:  
Lord, then, in me cut short thy work of grace,  
And bring my soul to her sweet resting-place.

Till then, farewell ; accept the mournful tear ;  
It flows for thee—laments departed worth ;  
Yes, charming youth, thy memory is dear,  
Though all that's mortal now returns to earth.  
This lock of hair which thou hast left for me,  
I'll keep in fond remembrance of thee.

---

### THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.

---

THE birth of the Saviour who purchas'd salvation,  
How mean, yet how honour'd, how humble, though  
high !

Ah ! where shall we find him ? in what lofty station ?

What signal important of him shall we spy ?

Is He by lords, princes, and monarchs attended ?

A palace majestic the place of his birth ?

Array'd in bright jewels most costly and splendid ?

His bed softest down of magnificent worth ?

Ah, no ! yonder herald proclaims the reverse ;

Now listen, and he'll the strange tidings rehearse :

“ By this shall ye find out the heaven-born Stranger ;  
He's wrapped in swadling-clothes, (not wrapp'd in  
sin,)

In yon lonely stable, his cradle the manger,

Because there was for him no room in the inn.”

Astonishing message ! who could have expected

To find the Redeemer, the Son of God here ?

By all but a poor feeble mother neglected,

Surrounded by oxen, Oh, wondrous fare !

He's now seen of angels, who on him are gazing,

All heaven's confounded at love so amazing:

The God who gave being to all the Creation

Is born of a virgin, meek, lowly, and calm,

And He who the universe holds in its station

Is there held, supported by woman's weak arm ;

Yea, He who fills heaven with glory resplendant,

Is wrapp'd in vile raiment, and hid from the gaze ;

The babe in the manger is God independant,

The Antient of Ages an infant of days.

Oh ! bow bown, my spirit, in humble prostration,  
And worship the Saviour in sweet adoration ;  
I'll ne'er shrink to publish the most profound story  
Of Christ and his doctrines, birth, life, cross and  
blood,

Yea, let me for ever in this alone glory,  
Till I safe arrive to behold him with God.  
His birth and his passion the Godhead ne'er tarnish'd,  
It shone with a lustre to mortals unseen,  
Humanity's there with divinity garnish'd,  
'Twas God in our nature, *that* nature the screen ;  
But through shades of darkness there's rays of light  
beaming,

In all his deep conflicts a world he's redeeming.  
Let proud Greek philosophers think this too hum-  
ble,

The cross and the cradle with scoffing detest,  
The self-deceived Jew and the Infidel stumble,  
Yet all the fond hope of true Christians here rest.  
Rejoice then, Creation, re-echo the story,  
While angels proclaim loud, " A Saviour is born,"  
To God in the highest all praise and all glory,  
And peace to the nations no more left forlorn.  
World, bow to thy Saviour, salvation to prove,  
He's worthy ! him worship, ye seraphs above.

---

## CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

---

THE Lord, no doubt, in love design'd  
Both hearts should here in one agree,  
That woman's sweet and tender mind  
Should soften man's asperity.  
His wisdom, energy, and might,  
(To elevate, protect, caress,)  
Should with her gentle soul unite,  
And all her fond affections bless.  
So thus the husband and the wife  
Their separate perfections blend,  
To form one heart, one mind, one life,  
*True* marriage will promote this end.  
Thy bosom friend thy joys will share,  
To thine communicate her own,  
The burden of thy sorrows bear,  
And make to thee her troubles known.  
True wedlock then I call (in brief)  
Is doubling joy, dividing grief.

But dearest friend, forget it not  
True happiness and excellence  
Is only in the mind that's fraught  
With saving grace and common sense.  
Then ne'er to flesh and blood unite,  
Regard the union of the mind;  
To fortune, manners, talents bright,  
Without true piety,—be blind ;  
Let pure conjugal love preside,  
Unmix'd with base pernicious lust ;  
In choosing out a lawful bride,  
Set true religion always first.  
Keep such a wedding as you may  
With joy invite the Saviour to,  
Then he will crown with bliss the day,  
And what can I say more to you ?  
May God your souls together join,  
And make the union all divine !



## THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

---

OH ! Jesus, while angels their crowns cast before  
thee,  
With raptur'd prostration fall down at thy feet,  
Permit a vile worm of the earth to adore thee,  
And ah ! let his sighings thine ears softly greet.  
While seraphs in glory are loud thee addressing,  
A sinner in mercy behold and relieve ;  
In his contrite spirit pour in thy rich blessing,  
A poor condemn'd criminal asks a reprieve.  
Though thou art receiving all heaven's high praises,  
To him wilt thou look who is humble in heart,  
Lord, this is *thy promise*, and it my soul raises,  
I feel my heart broken, Oh ! mercy impart.  
I know thou *wilt* bless me, this fond hope I cherish,  
I feel thou art drawing to me very near,  
I now make a venture, and if I must perish,  
I'll perish in casting my all on thy care.

Oh! yonder's the Saviour, on Calvary bleeding,  
He's bearing my burden of sin on the tree,  
He dies—he is risen—he lives interceding  
For one that's through him, Lord, now coming to thee.  
Oh, God! I'm now plunging my soul in the fountain  
That's open'd for all my uncleanness and sin,  
And faith, mighty faith, removes the huge mountain,  
'T has thrown the door open, and Christ has come in.  
Oh! glory to Jesus, thou hast me forgiven,  
I now feel thy love shed abroad in my heart,  
In my throbbing bosom there's open'd a heaven ;  
Lord, take full possession, and never depart.  
My heart's now a temple and throne for thy spirit ;  
There dwell—reign unrival'd, subdue and control ;  
My all I yield to thee, take, Lord, and inherit,  
While time shall endure, and eternity roll.

---

### THE DISCONSOLATE VIRGIN.

---

FOND virgin, why so gloomy ?  
Can nothing give relief ?  
Thy pallid cheeks once bloomy,  
Depicture inward grief.  
Are all thy prospects blighted ?  
Is there no feeble ray ?  
To guide thy soul benighted,  
In wisdom's blissful way.  
Ah ! yes, thy feelings smother,  
Although thy friend is dead,  
I'll recommend another ;  
One who for thee hast bled ;  
He is the soul's physician ;  
Oh ! try him with your case,  
He'll grant you full remission,  
And give you saving grace :  
He knows your situation,  
His precious blood you cost ;  
He offers you salvation,  
He came to save the lost.

For you he's interceding,  
Oh ! tell him all your grief ;  
He'll bind the heart that's bleeding,  
And give your soul relief.  
Hear him dejected maiden  
Cry, sinners "come to me,  
I ease the heavy laden,  
And set the captive free."  
If thou of sin art weary,  
Of Jesus mercy sue,  
He loves a weeping Mary,  
And he will pardon you.  
No longer sit repining,  
Wipe off the falling tear ;  
Thy friend's in glory shining,  
And thou shalt meet him there.  
Soon shall thy soul inherit,  
A lot among the bless'd ;  
With Father, Son, and Spirit,  
In everlasting rest.

---

THE INWARD STRUGGLE.

---

MY heart is more than full this night,  
Yes, overwhelm'd, with grief renew'd ;  
Oh ! whither shall I take my flight ?  
I'll go in dreary solitude,  
And there give vent to all my grief,  
And bathe my cheeks with streaming tears.  
But ah ! this will not give relief,  
Nor chase away these gloomy fears.  
I'll to the throne of grace repair,  
To God make all my troubles known,  
Pour out my soul in fervent prayer,  
Or heave the deep, unutter'd groan.  
Sure he will stoop to visit me,  
And banish all my dull complaint ;  
Oh, Father, grant a smile from thee,  
Or I beneath the burden faint ;  
O save me from so great excess  
Of creature love, which does so steal  
My heart from thee, who 'st power to bless,  
Who claims my all ; but ah ! I feel

One smile from her whom I adore  
Would raise my sinking soul and give  
A healing balm to every sore,  
And make my spirits dead to live.  
O cruel —, why not impart  
The virtue which exists in thee,  
To dry the tear, and sooth the heart,  
And bid all melancholy flee.  
Behold, ah ! pity and remove,  
For thou canst break this direful  
chain;  
Tell me that I have leave to love,  
And thou wilt freely love again.  
Then shall my warring passion cease,  
Despairing gloom all flee away,  
My soul be fill'd with joy and peace,  
And love shall have the pleasing  
sway  
On earth, and then through end-  
less day.

---

## RESIGNATION TO THE WILL OF GOD.

---

O GOD ! thy ways I love,  
In all, thy hand I see ;  
Too wise to err, too good to prove  
The least unkind to me.

Another tie is broke,  
Which bound me to the earth ;  
But yonder place, to which I look,  
Is made of greater worth.

I do lament the loss,  
But cannot dare repine ;  
My comfort's gone, perhaps my cross;  
Lord, help me to resign !

Enable me to say,  
“ God has the greatest claim ;  
He gave my child, and took away,  
And blessed be his name.”



He's gone to dwell in bliss,  
Where sorrows ne'er annoy ;  
A better world by far than this,  
Where all is endless joy.

He waits to hail us there,  
On that eternal shore,  
Where we shall meet, pure love to share,  
And separate no more.

Then let us calmly wait  
The Lord's appointed time ;  
Our days are few, come soon or late,  
Impatience is a crime.

Although the tie is broke,  
The most endearing tie,  
I'll kiss the rod, and own the stroke,  
Thou dost it sanctify.

Great God ! if thou dost see  
A rival in my heart,  
Which takes the place that's due to thee,  
Destroy, whate'er's the smart.

O seize, however dear,  
I'll bear it by thy grace ;

Now from me every idol tear,  
And reign in thy own place.

---

### THE MOURNFUL FAREWELL.

---

HEART-RENDING word, "Farewell," I can't it bear;  
Where'er I go, the sound arrests my ear;  
The melancholy tones, "Adieu,—*we part!*"  
I cannot bid them welcome to my heart:  
They shake my soul too sensibly I feel,  
Inflict a wound which takes so long to heal;  
But what avails if I in silence leave?  
I thus augment my pain, and others grieve.  
With thee, dear friend, some happy hours I've spent,  
Of which I trust I never shall repent;  
But ah! the painful thought! it grieves me sore,  
To think that I shall never see thee more.

With mournful grief we part, who, who can tell  
The pain endur'd at this long, last farewell ?  
What gloomy sorrows o'er my spirits prey !  
Oh, that I could but banish them away !  
But vain the wish, 'tis past, I must resign ;  
Adieu for ever, then, dear friend of mine :  
No more on earth shall I thy presence share ;  
But there's a better world, Oh ! meet me there,  
To praise redeeming love around the throne,  
Where farewells and adieus are sounds unknown.

---

THE  
PIOUS MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS OVER  
HER DYING INFANT.

---

My lovely infant, piercing is thy cry,  
Thy mother mourns to see thee waste and die ;

She fain would keep thee in her fond embrace,  
And eagerly would all thy sorrows chase ;  
With grief she bore thee, mix'd with pleasing joys,  
But thy sad, painful life her bliss annoys ;  
For thee she's pass'd some sleepless nights away,  
And o'er thee mourn'd, and sigh'd each passing day;  
She's had for thee many an anxious fear,  
And shed o'er thee the melancholy tear ;  
Yea, she has toil'd, and hop'd, and pray'd for thee,  
And in her tears she cries, "Wilt thou leave me ?  
Leave me in wretchedness, forlorn, distress'd ;  
Nay, leave me not ; possessing thee, I'm bless'd.  
Is this vain world disgusting in thy sight,  
Which makes thee wish so soon to take thy flight ?  
Ah ! well, my child, thy race is just begun,  
And if 'tis finish'd, Lord, thy will be done !  
I know thou wilt the heavenly goal attain,  
And rest from labour where there's no more pain.  
But still I cannot freely with thee part ;  
Ah, no ! thy death will rend thy mother's heart.  
She in her soul already feels the stroke,  
And dreads the blow before the tie is broke.  
Though thou art in a world of sorrow brought,  
To part with thee is still a painful thought ;  
Thy life, if spared, a chequer'd scene will be,  
Though all's at present quite unknown to thee.  
Thy mother's tried it six and thirty years,  
And feels the truth that 'tis a vale of tears ;

Long years of sorrow still before her lie,  
And all as yet unseen by mortal eye ;  
I feel myself cast on the watery main,  
Hard toiling yonder blissful port to gain ;  
Loud foaming billows roar, and tempests rise,  
Dark clouds roll up and dim the clearest skies ;  
If Christ my pilot in the vessel keep,  
He'll steer my course across the raging deep :  
Lord, may I still by faith in thee abide,  
Then I can sail against both wind and tide.  
Oh ! guide me safe to yon immortal shore,  
Where waves are still'd, and tempests rise no more !  
This fervent prayer I offer up for thee,  
My dearest infant child, for thou must be  
Expos'd to storms in common with us all ;  
No doubt thy lot is such, though yet to fall ;  
The same distressing troubles thee await,  
But all's unerring Providence ; (not fate ;)   
And thy Creator is, I ever find,  
Too wise to err, too good to be unkind.  
To him thy soul and body I resign,  
For thou art his, ah ! yes, far more than mine ;  
Thou hast a soul which never can expire,  
A living spark of unextinguish'd fire ;  
With undiminished lustre it shall shine,  
When heaven's lamps forsake the arch divine,  
Yea, time shall cease, and endless ages roll,  
But nought, my child, survive thy precious soul :

Important charge, entrusted to my care,  
May it in all my prayers and precepts share ;  
May pious admonitions always flow  
From thy fond mother's lips, to sooth thy woe,  
If spar'd, I hope to train thee up for God,  
If taken, I submit, and kiss the rod.

---

TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN.

---

FAREWELL, dear friend, we part awhile,  
We part, perhaps, for ever ;  
May grace, and peace, and fortune's smile  
Forsake thee never, never.  
May Deity defend thee,  
To whom I now commend thee !

Let watchful prayer thy steps attend,  
When ranging London city,  
And piety with wisdom blend,  
Before the stern \*committee :  
So hail in contemplation,  
A joyful termination.

Have courage, and with faith proceed ;  
The clouds around are breaking ;  
Thy heart is pierced, but ne'er shall bleed ;  
Though doubtless it is aching ;  
Thy vanquish'd foe may stammer,  
But none will heed his clamour.

Go on, fear not infernal spleen,  
Thy prospects are not blighted ;  
The morning dawns, a ray is seen  
To guide thy soul benighted :  
He, who thy hopes would banish,  
With doubt and fear shall vanish.

Mind not thy foe's malicious frown.  
He only can annoy thee,  
Though fierce, he's but a puny clown,  
That would, but can't destroy thee ;  
This confidence I cherish,  
His hopes are doom'd to perish.

---

The person above referred to, was about visiting the Metropolis, for the purpose of taking his Diploma, previous to which, he met with great opposition in his own neighbourhood from a jealous antagonist.



He falls, but thou shalt rise and shine,  
In majesty all-glorious ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, the day is thine,  
Triumphantly victorious :  
The combat ends the quarrel,  
Brave hero, take the laurel.

'Tis thine, then claim it as thy due,  
And wear it as a token  
Of what the Lord has done for you ;  
With rev'rence be it spoken,  
He made thy proud pretender  
His venom'd darts surrender.

Then give him glory, and resign  
Thy body, soul and spirit  
To Jesus, who with blood divine,  
Obtained alone thy merit.  
Oh pay him adoration,  
Who purchased thy salvation.

Adieu, dear friend, be sure of this,  
I wish you every blessing ;  
All present good, and future bliss,  
That's worthy of caressing :  
Avoid all sinful pleasure,  
In heaven lay up treasure.

Acknowledge God in all thy ways,  
Then he'll be thy director,  
Pursue the path, and spread the praise  
Of thy divine Protector :  
May you fulfil that station  
Which answers your creation.

So fare-thee-well, a long farewell,  
Go meet thy friend in glory ;  
There we with ecstasy shall tell  
Our never-ending story :  
Where worlds no more can sever  
My soul from thine for ever,

---

THE WRECK OF THE MARIA  
MAIL BOAT,

*Including the loss of Five Wesleyan-Methodist  
Missionaries with their Families, &c.*

---

STERN final foe to Adam's race,  
Most cruel death, what hast thou done ?  
Behold thy spoils ! blush ! hide thy face !  
Disown the conquest thou hast won !  
What dreadful news of thee I hear,  
It fills with pain my throbbing breast,  
The load of grief I scarce can bear ;  
My bleeding heart is sore distress'd,  
To know the havoc thou hast made  
With men, the bravest—best on earth :  
Though its but nature's debt they've paid,  
I must lament their pious worth ;

But "King of terrors" I rejoice  
To know thy sting was from thee torn ;  
They hail'd thee with a friendly voice,  
And died triumphant ; yet I mourn :  
Yea, thousands more shall weep with me ;  
Who can suppress the starting tear ?  
A heart not feel ! hard must it be,  
I bow, but feel the stroke severe.  
I would now with a weeping eye,  
Presume to picture out the scene ;  
My heart's prepared to heave the sigh,  
But all description must be mean,  
E'en conception falls far short,  
And it the task so great evades ;  
Though with ideas boundless fraught,  
And furnish'd with the deepest shades.  
Then language has far less effect,  
However elegant it be,  
The best is not so richly deck'd,  
So all attempts are vain in me.  
But I will calmly now proceed,  
And of myself no more complain :  
Perhaps the friend who this may read,  
Will not my poor attempts disdain.  
Five precious souls their island left,  
To regulate their Church affairs ;  
They landed safe, of none bereft,  
And there unbosom'd all their cares :

Their meeting was the sweetest kind,  
The Lord did over them preside,  
They all were of one heart and mind,  
And in each other did confide ;  
They parted with their friends most dear,  
Expecting soon to meet again.  
They took the ship to homeward steer,  
Upon the bosom of the main :  
At midnight hour a storm arose,  
Black darkness overspread the skies,  
The raging wind tremendous blows,  
They're seized with terror and surprise ;  
Each heart's engaged with God in prayer,  
That he would make the storm a calm :  
But faith departs and doubting fear,  
Fills every soul with dread alarm.  
Spectator, view that shocking scene,  
Yon distant ship, you see's distress'd,  
Behold it, Oh ! what feeling's keen,  
Are thrilling through my throbbing breast.  
See, all are in commotion thrown,  
They sue for shelter here and there,  
They tremble, sigh, they weep and mourn,  
To God commend their souls in prayer.  
Wives rush into their husbands arms,  
The children to their parents fly ;  
The painful sight my soul alarms,  
But oh ! that sad distressing cry.

Once more the ship aloft is toss'd,  
    Thrown up by the tremendous wave ;  
Oh ! frightful scene, she sinks, all's lost,  
    And nothing can alas ! them save.  
Hark ! heard ye not the dreadful shriek,  
    " Oh mother, father," *dismal tones* ;  
See, see them struggle, no more speak,  
    Listen ! oh what heart rending groans !  
Groaning, groaning, groaning, expire !  
    All, all is now as still as death ;  
Fond mothers, children and each sire,  
    Now sink and yield their latest breath.  
There rest their bodies, not their souls,  
    Low at the bottom of the sea ;  
The ocean high above them rolls,  
    But all is calm serenity.  
Now disentangled from the clay,  
    They rise the blissful plains to range ;  
Clap their glad wings and soar away,  
    Exulting at the happy change.  
The news arrives on India's shore,  
    And all's with consternation seiz'd ;  
They feel the stroke, their loss deplore,  
    Their blood within them's made to freeze :  
'Tis published now through every street,  
    *The Missionaries all are lost* ;  
With streaming eyes they each one greet,  
    And groans and cries o'erspread the coast.

Poor negroes bathe their cheeks with tears,  
Their hearts are melted down with grief :  
Their souls are fill'd with gloomy fears,  
They sigh and mourn, without relief :  
Like sheep they're scattered, left alone,  
No more to hear their shepherd's voice :  
In dull despair, they heave their groan,  
And nought can make their hearts rejoice ;  
Their pastor's gone, who preached the word,  
Which greeted their attentive ears ;  
Stern death has sheath'd the Spirit's sword,  
And silenc'd all their fervent prayers.  
They cry, we're ruin'd—ruin'd quite,  
All, all our joys are fled away ;  
The scene is chang'd to blackest night,  
And we're bereft ; without one ray,"  
One gleam of hope, our hearts to cheer ;  
Oh let us go and with them die ;  
Our burden is too great to bear ;  
Whither, oh whither shall we fly."  
Such cries incessantly arrest  
Our list'ning ears, where'er we go ;  
Brim full, they fill our aching breast,  
With mingled pain, despair and woe.  
We with them feel most keenly too,  
And wonder how it could so be ;  
Our hearts it pierces through and through,  
Dark and profound the mystery.



Ye min'st'ring spirits, where were ye,  
At that most sad, eventful hour !  
Do not ye guard the saints at sea ?  
Then why not manifest your power ?  
Did not your Maker once declare  
Concerning those who love his name,  
That from their heads there's not one hair  
Should fall, till his permission came ?  
Has he not charged you with his flock,  
Lest they should dash at any time  
Their feet against a stone or rock ?  
Then negligence must be a crime  
In ye bright hosts as well as we ;  
We wish with you to do God's will ;  
We ask then, tell us where were ye ?  
As ye did not your office fill ;  
"True we protect them day and night,  
But only where we're sent we go ;  
We viewed that melancholy sight,  
And would have gone, but God said *No.*"  
If life be spared, they'll ruin'd be,  
I'll snatch them from the evil day ;  
They're meet to dwell in bliss with me,  
Go fetch their ransom'd souls away.  
The angels hover o'er the main,  
To catch the spirits of the blest ;  
They bear them to the blissful plain,  
Where all is joy and endless rest.

But are all sunk and gone ? ah No !  
Two precious souls behind are left ;  
Toss'd on the ocean to and fro,  
Of all their earthly joys bereft.  
Three dreary nights and days they've been  
Distress'd, with none to hear their cry ;  
Lo ! there they sit and calm serene,  
They mourn and pray, they waste and die ;  
Ah yes ! they wring their hands and cry,  
(While gazing o'er the mighty deep.)  
"There rest our friends, yes there they lie,  
Till time's no more they calmly sleep ;  
Some whom we pointed to that blood,  
Which freely flows from Jesus's side :  
And whom we hope were brought to God,  
Before they in the ocean died.  
And those our friends, we lov'd so dear,  
Who fell asleep in Jesus arms,  
Whose presence we did sweetly share,  
But now we're rob'd of all their charms.  
"Would God, we'd died and gone to rest  
With our dear friend, (the husband cries)  
While they're in glory, we're opprest."  
He paused, to wipe his tearful eyes,  
"We mourn." Ah here his heart was pain'd,  
He strove to speak, the struggle broke  
The golden bowl, which life contain'd,  
He strove again, and once more spoke

In feeble tones, "The hour's at hand,  
When my dear wife must part with me.  
May guardian-angels by you stand ;  
My earthly-all, adieu to thee."  
She cried, 'What leave thy bosom-friend,  
And all alone ? Nay, let me go  
With thee to bliss, where sorrows end.  
Think'st thou that we can part ? no—no.  
He lingers, and she prays, Lord save,  
Oh ! spare me him, and I'll resign ;  
This only blessing would I crave,  
Let my dear husband still be mine,  
The heavens are silent to her prayer,  
And death stands by to seize his prey ;  
He dare not, cannot, *will not* spare,  
But his commission must obey.  
She prays again, a voice she hears  
Exclaim, thy dearest friend must die ;  
Weep not, dispel thy gloomy fears,  
My grace shall all thy wants supply.  
"Lord 'tis enough ; I yield, I yield ;  
Thy promises are all for me,  
Thou art my refuge and my shield,  
I dedicate my all to thee."  
She paused ! and gazed on his pale face,  
A deadly shade o'er all was cast,  
She saw life ebbing out apace,  
He turn'd, and smiled, and spoke his last ;

“Farewell, (he cried,) beloved wife,  
    (While holy joy his bosom fired)  
Then fled the vital spark of life,  
    He sunk, and in her arms expired.  
She kiss’d his clay-cold lips, and sighed,  
    Then gently laid him at her feet ;  
Farewell, my all on earth, she cried,  
    My sorrows all are now complete.  
Ah ! now she’s left to bear alone,  
    A burden of tremendous weight,  
She heaves the deep unutter’d groan,  
    And in this most distressing state.  
She sends her thoughts across the sea,  
    To her sweet home they swiftly fly ;  
And there how gladly would she be,  
    But ah ! can only send a sigh.  
She looks up to the realms of light,  
    Where she most joyfully would soar ;  
She downward looks, heart-rending sight !  
    Her husband’s there, but is no more :  
His lifeless corpse her pillow forms,  
    On that she rests her weary head ;  
While foaming billows, raging storms  
    Pronounce the cry, “*he’s dead, he’s dead.*  
Yes ! mighty ocean, she replies,  
    He’s gone, for *ever* gone from me ;  
His spirit’s lodg’d in yonder skies,  
    Where mine I trust will shortly be.

Thus calmly she her soul resigns,  
And bows submissive to her lot ;  
On his cold clay, her head reclines,  
Oh ! dreary, solitary spot.  
No sun, no moon, no stars in sight,  
Loud roaring winds, rude billows roll,  
No gleam of hope, or ray of light,  
But terrors dismal seize her soul,  
Bereft of all, forlorn, she's cast  
Upon the surgy, foaming main,  
Exposed to each tremendous blast,  
Surrounded by the floating slain;  
No sleep to close her weeping eyes,  
No food to taste, or heat to warm ;  
No bosom friend to sympathize,  
Or refuge from the raging storm ;  
No balm to heal her bleeding heart,  
Or ears to hear her feeble groan ;  
My God, she cries, thine aid impart ;  
Then makes to him her troubles known,  
With awe profound she veils her face,  
And at his footstool humbly falls,  
Through clouds she sees his smiling face,  
And on his name with rev'rence calls.  
Thou great mysterious God ! oh hear  
The cry of one, whose heart is torn ;  
With confidence in fervent prayer,  
I now approach the sacred throne :

Oh pity me ! forlorn distress'd,  
Behold my sad and wretched state ;  
No food, nor shelter, friend nor rest,  
I would not, *dare* not call it fate.  
Because I do believe thy word,  
All things together work for good ;  
This promise I have oft times heard,  
And on it firm my faith hath stood :  
And shall it fail me in this hour,  
Ah no ! I'll trust thee Lord for all,  
Thou hast all wisdom, grace and power ;  
Before thy mercy seat I fall,  
Oh speak ! thy servant waits to hear,  
What thou, concerning her wilt say,  
She feels that thou art drawing near,  
And waits the message to obey ;  
A still small voice from heaven is heard,  
Which gives her fainting soul relief ;  
Jehovah speaks, delightful word,  
I'll cheer thy heart, disperse thy grief ;  
The trial thou dost now endure,  
Is of the most distressing kind,  
But all my promises are sure ;  
In me shalt thou a Husband find :  
I ride the storm and tread the wave,  
I am thy God, trust thou in me,  
My arm omnipotent will save,  
And great shall thy deliverance be.



Acknowledge me in all thy ways,  
And I will guide thy soul to bliss,  
Yon world above, where thou shalt praise  
My name for all I've done in this.  
While ecstasy shall fill thy soul,  
This note shall swell above the rest,  
(While chanting lays like thunder roll)  
The Lord's done all things for the best.  
Harmonious is every link,  
Of my wise Providential chain,  
Mysterious quite to those who think  
A finite thought. To me, all plain !  
I took my servant home to bliss,  
Lest they should take the praise from me,  
Though innocent themselves of this,  
Heathens their worshippers would be.  
I saw this error spreading wide,  
And in the end would fatal prove.  
That they might *but* in me confide,  
I did the arms of flesh remove.  
But in their absence, I'll display  
My power, and make the heathen know  
My holy will, and righteous way,  
And own from me all blessings flow.  
But evils of a diff'rent kind,  
Awaited some of those that's gone,  
Unknown to thy short finite mind,  
A dreadful storm was hast'ning on,



In nature's course, would this take place,  
My wisdom to it gave consent,  
That Providence as well as grace  
Might harmonize in this event,  
Be still, and know that I am God,  
Who over all doth rule and reign,  
Spurn not—but kiss my chast'ning rod;  
I'll make thy rugged path all plain.  
"Lord, I submit, thy will obey,  
I know 'tis best and all is right;  
Not mine be done, but thine I'll pray,  
And sink as nothing in thy sight.  
Mine is not wretched Jonah's case,  
Enclosed within a fish's womb;  
Condemn'd and sunk in foul disgrace,  
A frowning God, a fearful doom.  
No, I've the blessed light of day,  
A conscience purg'd from inward guilt;  
A smiling God, whom storms obey,  
A heart that cries, "do as thou wilt."  
Yes, let my body swim or sink,  
Thou wilt to glory bring my soul;  
I feel I'm not on ruin's brink,  
Though dashing waves around me roll.  
The Lord's my pilot at the helm,  
Let mighty billows their heads rear;  
To terrify and overwhelm,  
Thou wilt me to the haven steer.

Where I shall bathe my soul in bliss,  
And join the blood-washed throng above;  
Oh! happy world! far—far from this,  
Where all is ecstasy and love:  
She pauses, hoping all is well,  
The howling winds begin to rise;  
Dark clouds surround, the billows swell,  
Her pillow moves; alarm'd, she cries  
Oh! dreadful! cruel—cruel wave,  
Art thou about to snatch from me  
The only comfort that I crave?  
Yes, yes thou art, see, see, oh! see;  
My strength all fails I cannot hold,  
*He's gone, he's gone, adieu, adieu,*  
My troubles more and more unfold,  
Oh! where shall I for comfort sue.  
Dear child of deepest sorrow thou,  
Hast none with thee to sympathize;  
Or wipe the cold sweat from thy brow,  
Or close (in death's cold sleep) thine eyes:  
Reflections seize us and we think,  
We now behold thee thus forlorn;  
We view the spirits lower sink,  
And hear thy midnight cries for morn.  
The morning dawns; sweet light appears,  
Then hope revives and takes her wing;  
But dark the aspect mid-day wears,  
It does not thy deliverance bring:

The bleating winds caught up thy sighs ;  
And wafted them to England's shore,  
While we gave slumber to our eyes,  
Thine heart was bleeding every pore.  
Ah ! dearest friend could we have known,  
That such was thy distressing case ;  
Our hearts would then have caught thy groan,  
And brought it to the throne of grace :  
So was it, yes ! for thee we pray'd,  
That God would thee to us restore ;  
And heal the wound so deeply made,  
Our cries are heard, we ask no more :  
Come then full welcome to our hearts,  
We'll interest you in our prayers,  
Apply the balm that joy imparts,  
And bear the burden of your cares :  
We'll listen to your tale of woe,  
And with you sweetly sympathize ;  
Our friendly aid in love bestow,  
And wipe the tears from off your eyes :  
Our heart-felt thanks, O Lord receive,  
For bringing her to us again :  
Her troubles great have made us grieve,  
Her presence eases all our pain.  
Now Lord accept the Muse's prayer,  
But let thy Spirit it indite ;  
For this will I my heart prepare,  
In concert with its dictates write.

The heathen world sustain'd a loss,  
Which none can e'er repair save thee ;  
Go with those precious souls who cross  
Most speedily the raging sea.  
Fill up the vacant spaces, Lord,  
With useful servants, as before :  
Send round the earth, thy light, thy word ;  
Let it resound from shore to shore,  
Till rocks and mountains find a voice,  
And deserts blossom as the rose,  
The hills and vallies all rejoice ;  
For this the gospel trumpet blows ;  
Oh ! let it echo with the sound,  
O'er all the world till time's no more ;  
Till east and west redemption's found,  
The north give up, the south restore :  
Loud jubilees the heaven's ring  
And all creation sweetly join ;  
To praise the great eternal King,  
And earth's a paradise divine :  
Great God arise, bring in those days,  
And to thy name we'll give the praise.

---

MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS, &c.

---

DEAR partner, who my joys and sorrows share,  
How have we nourished this our daughter dear,  
Whom we have brought in this vain world beneath,  
But now is snatched away by sudden death ;  
Have we paid due attention to her soul ?  
And duly kept her under our controul ?  
Did we reprove her when she went astray ?  
And strive to make her love religion's way ?  
Did we before her good examples set ?  
In private e'er her precious soul forget ?  
Have we been always faithful, true and kind ?  
Did we with useful knowledge store her mind ?  
We now commit her body to the grave,  
Have we done all we could her soul to save ?  
These questions fill my heart with grief and pain,  
I fear her blood does on our heads remain ;

If so, oh dreadful thought! I shrink to tell,  
She now enrag'd, is cursing us in hell:  
No reason have I to suppose she's not,  
But twice ten thousand fears, such is her lot.  
Could I indulge a hope that its *not* so,  
My grief should vanish and my joys should flow.  
Oh me! oh me! what bitter pangs I feel,  
Oh heaven! oh earth! my wretchedness conceal:  
Oh could I! could I fetch her from the dead;  
I'd clear her blood from off my guilty head:  
But vain the wish! for ever its too late,  
Her doom is fixed, unchangeable her state!  
Adieu my daughter, I'll despairing sink,  
Till I with thee arrive at ruin's brink;  
Then will I plunge me in that dark abyss,  
And bid farewell to yonder world of bliss!  
And thou wilt hail me with a howling yell,  
(All blasphemous) for bringing thee to hell;  
And I must with the damn'd for ever lie,  
To wail and gnash my teeth, but never die:  
Ye parents think of this, and Oh take care!  
Lest you destroy those whom you love most dear.  
Let not a foolish fondness e'er beguile  
Your souls from duty's path, nor frown or smile:  
Oh! bend or break their stubborn wills, or they  
Will rue you and fall to vice a prey;  
Neglect to keep them under due controul,  
You then betray your trust, and damn your Child-  
ren's soul.

“ALAS MY BROTHER”

---

IN yon sweet village I had once a friend,  
Who took me with affection by the hand ;  
Whose ardent love with mine was wont to blend,  
So strong that nought but death could break the  
band.

We walk'd and talk'd together with delight,  
We sung and sigh'd, rejoiced and wept and pray'd :  
The longest day brought on too soon the night,  
So blissful were the visits I him paid.

But ah ! a tone is sounding in my ears,  
Which fills my spirit with a fearful dread ;  
A voice proclaims, he's left the vale of tears,  
Alas ! he's number'd with the silent dead.



Oh ! mournful news, it pierces through my heart ;  
The stroke severe makes it to bleeding beat :  
Stern monster, death ! how cruel thus to part  
Two friends so dear, but ah ! I must submit :

For God hath done it who his life bestow'd,  
And who could seize with equal right on mine ;  
Yes, thou hast brought him to thy blest abode,  
'Tis well, 'tis right, I bow and not repine.

I do not sorry destitute of hope,  
True joys are mingled with my grief so sore ;  
My friend I know, shall be again rais'd up,  
On that bright morn when time shall be no more.

Yes rais'd to praise thee in thy courts above,  
In hallelujahs with the angelic throng ;  
Where all is rapture, peace, and endless love ;  
Redeeming grace, the everlasting song.

A dazzling glory o'er his brow is shed,  
In blood-wash'd robes array'd he yonder stands ;  
A brilliant crown is glitt'ring on his head,  
And palms of victory fix'd within his hands.

So fare-thee-well my once beloved friend,  
Go tune thy harp and swell the heavenly strain ;  
Thy fears and sorrows now for ever end,  
For thou art landed on a blissful plain.

Farewell the pleasures I enjoy'd with you,  
I view the past, and tears gush from my eyes;  
Thy dwelling-place and thee I bid adieu,  
We separate with many mournful sighs.

I once with joy pursued the happy place,  
Where thou serenely dwelt, I loved the spot;  
I towards it look, and seasons past retrace,  
Sweet moments that will never be forgot.

While memory holds its seat, I'll think of thee,  
Thy absence casts a shade o'er all around;  
The scene so bright is now all dark to me,  
And silence dwells where once I heard a sound.

But oh! I love thee *Alconbury*\* still,  
For thou dost occupy within my heart  
A space, not small nor ever—ever will,  
Till like my friend, through death with you I part.

I love, thee for I think thy worth is great,  
How many of God's servants with thee dwell;  
And who most cheerfully will bear the weight,  
Which was sustain'd by him whom death hath fell.

These precious souls, O God of heaven bless,  
Fill every heart with love and joy and peace;  
Crown all their pious efforts with success,  
O may their grace and number much increase.

---

\*The residence of the deceased.

And when their happy earthly meetings end,  
May they in bliss meet their departed friend.

---

### THE DIREFUL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

---

OF all the evils that have ever curst  
The fairer sex, dissembling man is worst :  
No crime can sink him lower in disgrace,  
Than vile *Seduction*, out of which we trace,  
Hypocrisy, with all her hellish arts,  
And falsehood with unnumber'd venom'd darts ;  
Base treachery, with her malignant spleen,  
And cruelty most barbarous and mean ;  
All brutal vices reign unmingled there,  
In all their horrid and infernal glare.  
Inhuman wretch, does not thy blood run chill,  
To view that creature stretched on yonder hill ?

Intoxicated, wrapt in bloody stain,  
Bereft of friends, by foul diseases slain ?  
Depraved and callous is that heart indeed,  
That views her present state and does not bleed.  
Behold the golden ringlets of her hair,  
That hang in tresses so divinely fair ;  
They indicate that she, alas ! forlorn,  
Hath injury sustained, and of her glory shorn :  
Yes, she was once the glory of the plain,  
The fairest virgin of the virgin-train.  
But ah ! the scene is awfully reversed,  
She's now the most abandoned and accursed ;  
The fatal blot degrades her honour'd name,  
Excites within, the burning blush of shame :  
Increasing sorrows penetrate her heart,  
The body falls beneath affliction's dart,  
The blooming roses from her cheeks retire,  
The lustre from her crystal eyes expire,  
A mortal paleness clothes her tear-stained face,  
Of what she was, is scarcely left a trace ;  
A wreck of mere mortality is there,  
Whilst death stands lurking for his other share :  
Yea, worms already have commenced their work  
Of fell corruption, though they inward lurk.  
No home, no mother, on whose lap to rest  
Her weary head, or sire to soothe her breast ;  
No friendly hand to wipe her clammy sweat  
From her once lovely countenance ; but yet,

Methinks I hear the melancholy tone  
"Oh where's my sister? where's my daughter gone?  
Alas, why did she from her home depart,  
And rend so deeply this distracted heart."  
Such doubtless is the unavailing cry,  
Though still unconscious of her misery.  
With them she linger'd and long hid her case,  
Resolved to never sink them in disgrace :  
But time rush'd on the secret to reveal,  
What she would wish for ever to conceal :  
Despair prevails, on suicide she's bent,  
But mercy whispers "*spare the innocent.*"  
She saw the double crime in crimson hue,  
And trembling cried, "oh ! what, what shall I do !"  
Absorb'd in tears, she left her natal door,  
And her fond Parents heard of her no more.  
Sharp hunger seized her, and she's forced, alas !  
To join the most impure and wicked class ;  
Companions vile, allured her heart astray,  
At length she fell to every vice a prey,  
Her lovely form she prostitutes for hire,  
The sport of drunkards and of lewd desire ;  
At last, to make the tragic scene complete,  
The wretch is doom'd to perish in the street :  
Behold her, dost thou know her ? she, ah she  
Is that unhappy girl seduced by thee ;  
She once committed to thy trust her all,  
And thou hast caused her everlasting fall :

Vile as she is, she once knew better days,  
And took delight in only wisdom's ways :  
She moved admired above the common sphere,  
A modest virgin, beautiful and fair ;  
Ah ! yes, when first thine eyes beheld her, she  
Was pure and dwelt in calm tranquility ;  
The bloom of health was playing round her cheek,  
Her sparkling eyes did ecstacies bespeak,  
She lived in bliss and virgin-innocence,  
But thou 'mid smiles of honour and pretence  
Of firm integrity and ardent love,  
Concealed the venom of thine heart, and strove  
To ruin virtue, and to blast the flower,  
That flourished once, but ah, tremendous hour !  
When thou beneath her feet ensnaring lay,  
She trembled, sigh'd, and look'd her heart away,  
Through thy soft words and sweet delusive wiles,  
Thy proud pretensions and undoing smiles ;  
Pleased with her ruin to thine arms she flew,  
And in that woeful moment lost her all by you.  
Infernal fiend, thy condemnation read,  
(Who perpetrated this accursed deed ;)   
God's law hast thou despised in thine heart,  
The sword shall never from thine house depart.  
Thy slaughtered victim's blood for vengeance cries,  
And retribution to thy bosom flies :  
Repent, prepare to meet Jehovah's ire,  
Our God (thy angry judge) is a consuming fire.



Ye heedless virgins, oh, of such beware !  
The monster shun, or he'll thy soul ensnare,  
And thou wilt prove him, (though thy sex's pride)  
Too false to love, too fair to be denied ;  
Like froward boys, awhile in wanton play,  
He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away ;  
With specious wiles, weak woman he assails,  
He swears, weeps, smiles ; he flatters and prevails ;  
Then in the moment when the maid believes,  
The perjured traitor triumphs, scorns and leaves,  
Foul wretches ! shun them, gaze not on their eyes,  
Though lovely they, yet she who gazes, dies ;  
Exchange not smiles, be deaf to all they say,  
Their voices charm, and charmingly betray :  
Uncheck'd by pity, conscious of their power,  
Like wolves they watch the first unguarded hour,  
Spring to their prey, remorseless in their haste,  
And lay the sacred fold of guardian-virtue waste.  
I speak in language sturdy, not too strong ;  
Villains my theme, and satire is my song :  
I'll take the injured maiden's part awhile,  
Fearless of frowns, regardless of a smile ;  
For duty calls, and I the voice obey,  
Unveil the monster, tear the mask away.  
"Conceive a man of probity, not art,  
Is now admitted to the fair one's heart,  
Strongly beloved, confided in, esteemed,  
Nay, the protector of her honour deem'd,



Who, thus entrusted in an evil hour,  
Half steals, half ravishes fair virtue's flower,  
Blasts her who loves him with a lewd embrace,  
And robs her of her dearest jewel, peace.  
What name, what title is his proper due ?  
Silence my pen—say man of honour thou ;”  
Away with honour, if such honour be,  
And give me love and true sincerity.  
But what is love when ardent and sincere ?  
’Tis not a mere profession, sigh or tear,  
Not lost in clouds, not crawling in the dust,  
Not mix’d with mad idolatry and lust :  
’Tis pure affection, where esteem presides,  
Which reason dictates and which virtue guides.  
This passion pure, seducers ne’er possess,  
They only aim to plunder happiness ;  
They’ll prate of Venus bright, sweet Cupid’s darts,  
Of love-sick, sleepless nights and broken hearts,  
They’ll talk of matchless beauty, angel-charms,  
With lewd embraces grasp you in their arms ;  
Adore your image, to distraction love,  
With rapture serve, as Seraphs do above ;  
These demon arts, this brutal, base pretence  
Is but designed to murder innocence :  
Such subtle schemes are practised, and when done,  
Thy path is strewn with snares most difficult to  
shun.

Thou great Jehovah ! guide the maiden fair,  
May she escape the most delusive snare ;  
Let nought her virgin-purity defile,  
But let a quiet conscience and thy smile  
Be her rich portion, while she lives below,  
And if thy goodness should on her bestow  
A dear companion, let them both be blest,  
With all domestic sweets, and everlasting rest.

---

THE CAMBRIDGE WESLEYAN BENEFIT  
SOCIETY.

---

May this society be bless'd indeed.  
Be this the prayer of all who this may read,  
Oh may the God of grace our hearts unite,  
May all we do be pleasing in his sight :  
As brethren dwell in harmony most sweet,  
All jars and discord sink beneath our feet ;

May sin of every kind be kept away,  
And pure religion always have the sway :  
Let love without dissimulation reign,  
A proud and haughty spirit all disclaim.  
May we at all times when together meet,  
In pleasing cheerful smiles each other greet,  
Let no unworthy member e'er intrude,  
Between these walls of sacred solitude :  
Let no one strive a brother to deceive,  
Or e'er object the needy to relieve ;  
Another burden we with ease may bear,  
By it dividing and each take a share ;  
If on a bed of sickness we are laid,  
To soul and body due attention paid ;  
But if we would the club increase in wealth,  
Let's strive and pray to be preserved in health.  
Ye men who fear and dread a future day,  
Lest God on you affliction's hand should lay,  
Come join with us, then you may rest assured  
You'll always be from poverty secured ;  
And if the Lord afflict you, don't despair.  
You are with those who will of you take care ;  
In all your grief, with you we'll sympathize,  
And wipe the tear from off your drooping eyes ;  
When rack'd with pain, in love we'll bear our part  
And soothe the sorrows of an aching heart ;  
If we behold you near the point of death,  
We'll prove your friends as long as you have breath,

If destitute of faith and hope divine,  
We'll pray that light within our hearts may shine;  
That God in love, would saving grace inspire,  
And pluck your souls as brands from endless fire,  
And if we're men of God, and we hope such,  
Our fervent prayers with him availeth much,  
For he declares, (and his own words we have,)  
"The prayer of faith the sick shall cure and save"  
And now O God, on thy great name we call,  
Let thy best blessings rest upon us all.

---

### EXCESSIVE SORROW.

---

MY dear brother steel, no doubt but you feel,  
A dread to be banish'd afar ;  
From those whom you love, whose friendship you  
    prove,  
Is pleasure in pain, peace in war.

But lift up thine head, thy friends are not dead,  
Expect to behold them again ;  
If not here below, how well dost thou know,  
Of meeting on yon blissful plain.

Then dry up thy tears, and banish thy fears,  
Make due preparation for this ;  
No longer complain, or hug thy dull chain,  
There's no separation in bliss.

“ Ah yes! thou wilt say, I long for the day,  
When farewells are sounds heard no' more ;  
But while I am here, I must shed a tear,  
For brethren whose loss I deplore.

But now I must part with a sorrowful heart,  
And heave the last soul-rending sigh :  
My eyes have no sleep, but teeming they weep,  
I linger and feel I could die.”

Poor fellow! what grief, is there no relief ?  
Oh ! cast on Jehovah thy care :  
Will he let thee sink ? Ah no ! pause and think !  
To sooth thee, he soon will appear.

But do not him grieve, lest he should thee leave,  
To bear all thy burden alone ;  
This sorrow works death ! and foul is that breath,  
That heaves a despairing dull groan.

Then hope thou in God, who softens the rod,  
With which thou art visited now ;  
If thou canst not bear his small touch, or share,  
Of pain felt in parting, oh ! how

Could'st thou cross the ocean, and chuse for thy  
portion,  
A land amidst strangers to dwell ;  
For ever to part with the friends of thine heart,  
This might make thy bosom to swell.

To regions go dark, where there's not a spark,  
Of love, christian love, holy flame !  
Where dangers assail, and sickness prevail,  
And friendship has not a mere name.

Thy cross is not great, nor hard is thy fate,  
Do not then imagine it so ;  
It is as I say, you meet trials half way,  
'Tis folly, not wisdom, no no !

Then cheer up my lad, and be not so sad,  
Rejoice if it be but awhile ;  
Thy troubles shall flee, and sorrows all be  
Succeeded by many a smile.

---

## THE PARABLE OF THE FIG TREE.

---

GREAT BRITAIN is the vineyard of the Lord,  
Where Gospel Ministers proclaim his word,  
But ah ! how many "barren fig trees" stand,  
Or heathens vile, in this our christian land :  
What broken rotten, bows our paths bestrew,  
Unnumber'd leaves some blossoms--fruit how few ;  
The great Proprietor approaches nigh,  
Inspects the tree with his omniscient eye ;  
The husbandman anticipates he'll find  
Good fruit and plenty, that of every kind :  
For many years he's spent much time and toil,  
To nourish, warm, and cultivate the soil ;  
He's planted—water'd thee, Oh ! man with care,  
That you good fruit abundantly might bear.  
The *owner* came last year, alas ! he grieves,  
To find on you there's nothing else but leaves ;  
In wrath he cries, "no fruit on him is found ;  
Strike—cut him down, why cumbereth he the  
ground ?



Lay down the spade, take up the axe in haste,  
My patience I'll no longer on him waste ;  
Oh sinner, see ! the woodman strip'd to take  
The fatal blow, which makes thine heart to ache :  
Behold him ! and while gazing, oh ! admire  
The grand contention 'twixt the Son and Sire ;  
The husbandman, (our God's eternal son)  
Took up thy cause when there alas ! were none.  
No eye to pity, and to save, no arm,  
No power to rescue, and to heal no balm ;  
He loudly cries, "save him for whom I've bled,  
'Twas for his sins my precious blood was shed ;  
How can I bear to see that sinner lost ?  
Look on my hands ! read there the price he cost :  
Let him (poor wretch) alone this year also,  
I'll dig about him and will dung him too ;  
I'll send him awful dreams by night, and I  
Will order death to seize his family.  
My spirit, it shall strive both night and day,  
My servants *more* for his salvation pray.  
Kind friends shall warn, entreat his soul to charm,  
His conscience shall awake and him alarm ;  
If he repent 'tis well, thou wilt not frown,  
If not, oh Father ! thou shalt cut him down.  
The Father hears his weeping Son thus pray,  
Beholds his wounds ! and turns his wrath away :  
He spares the sinner yet another year,  
Alone in answer to the Saviour's prayer,

To this decision, thou art left, oh man !  
Thy days are lengthened out another span  
To see if thou wilt either turn to God ;  
Or bear the weight of his avenging rod,  
Oh ! think how dreadful is thy present case,  
In slighting so the God of truth and grace :  
Reflect awhile, this—this may be the year,  
For which the Saviour cried, '*Oh! Father spare.*'  
Pause sinner, pause ! thy glass is near run out,  
Nine months are fled, oh ! what art thou about,  
Thy years till now have all been spent in sin,  
'Tis time for thee amendment to begin ;  
Awake, arise, to Christ for mercy sue,  
He still is pleading, and he pleads for you ;  
This year is last that he will visit thee,  
Except in wrath and death, and endless misery.

---

THE FINAL ADIEU.

---

WHAT lingering grief is found,  
Within the bleeding heart,  
To hear the mournful sound  
Of "farewell" *we must part.*  
Distressing, pensive thought;  
The blissful hours are fled:  
My mind alas! is fraught  
With melancholy dread.  
The gloomy silence of despair,  
Is broken by the falling tear.

Whate'er my eyes arrest,  
As slowly I remove,  
Inspire my throbbing breast,  
With thrilling pangs of love.  
Groves echo back the tone;  
When I exclaim "adieu",  
They mock my stifled groan;  
My sorrows all renew.

If I cry loud, or raise but sighs,  
A dull "farewell" to mine replies.

The Coach arrives to tear  
My fainting soul away,  
From those I love so dear,  
With whom I'd ever stay ;  
My weeping friends surround,  
And sigh their last "farewell".  
Oh ! sad unwelcome sound,  
It makes my bosom swell.  
The dreadful word's pronounced,  
"all's right,"  
I take, alas ! my final flight.

Absorb'd in bitter grief,  
I turn—my friends are there,  
I wave my Handkerchief,  
Then with it wipe the tear :  
I wave it once again,  
And theirs they wave to me ;  
But oh ! heart-rending pain,  
No more of them I see :  
A cruel wood appears between,  
Which forms an everlasting skreen.

Adieu then, dearest friend,  
Whom I have left behind,  
Though mutual pleasures end,  
Yet bear me still in mind.

Ah ! when its well with you,  
In love remember me ;  
The same thy friend will do,  
Yes, I will think of thee :  
Our happy spirits thus will meet,  
In prayer before the mercy-seat.

I thank thee friend, for all  
The favours thou hast shown  
To me, both great and small,  
The least of which, I'll own,  
And thou wilt ne'er forget,  
What I have done for thee ;  
Affection will not let  
Me 'scape thy memory :  
The joys thy friend did once impart,  
Are all engraven on thy heart.

But most of all the love  
He bore to thy lost soul,  
How long he tried to prove,  
If thou wast sick or whole ;  
He found thee lacking grace,  
To which thine heart confessed ;  
Convictions keen took place,  
Which robb'd thee of thy rest :  
He led thee to the purple flood,  
And thou wast washed in Jesu's blood.

Then as thou hast obtain'd  
By faith, true saving grace,  
Thy Father's favour gain'd,  
And see his smiling face;  
Through Jesus reconciled,  
Behold thy sins forgiven,  
Adopted as a child,  
A royal heir of heaven.  
Then praise his name, his will obey,  
God bless and keep thee in the way.

Live near to God by prayer,  
And search his word divine;  
The christian armour wear,  
And in it brightly shine;  
With patience bear the cross,  
God's glory be your aim;  
Fear not reproach or loss,  
Be sin your only shame:  
May you Jehovah's law fulfil,  
Do all submissive to his will.

Then holy you will live,  
And happy you will die,  
A dazzling crown receive,  
And reign with Christ on high,  
Where fears and sorrows cease,  
And parting is no more;

Where all is joy and peace,  
On Canaan's blissful shore :  
Oh ! then for this, dear friend prepare,  
Go on, go on, I'll meet you there.

Farewell ye *wicked* throng,  
To whom I've preach'd in vain,  
Who sing the drunkard's song,  
And gospel truths disdain.  
I've strove both night and day,  
Your precious souls to win ;  
And still for you I'll pray,  
While you remain in sin.  
But hear me ye despisers all,  
How will ye feel when stars shall fall?

When thunders shake the earth,  
And lightnings melt the skies ;  
The Judge descends in wrath,  
And all the dead arise.  
Ye then will cry in vain,  
Rocks, mountains, on us fall ;  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Will be the Judge of all.  
He'll say "depart ye cursed from me,  
To hell and endless misery."

But if you cannot bear,  
Jehovah's 'vengeful rod ;



Then instantly prepare,  
To meet thy injured God.  
There's pardon bought for you,  
It flows from Jesu's side ;  
To Christ for mercy sue,  
And then shall be applied  
The blood which speaks thy sins for-  
giv'n,  
And makes the wretch an heir of hea-  
ven.

Ye *Formalists* farewell,  
Your feelings are not good ;  
You truly never fell,  
Alas! you never stood.  
What service is a name,  
It gives not heart-felt joy,  
But rather grief and shame,  
Which does your bliss annoy.  
You have the foul reproach to bear,  
And yet no inward pleasures share.

Oh ! barren, barren trees,  
Why cumber ye the ground ;  
The moisture draw from these,  
On which good fruit is found.  
Repent ye, lest the Lord  
Say, "Cut the sinner down ;"  
And Christ's no longer heard,  
To say *let him alone*.

Of such we say, Oh ! dreadful case,  
They've sinn'd away the day of grace.

Ye frozen souls arise,  
And without ceasing pray ;  
Before the faint spark dies,  
That's vanishing away.  
Lord, blow it to a flame,  
Or quench it with a shower :  
Let none profess the name,  
Unless they have the power.  
But rather let thy spirit's breath,  
Awake them from the sleep of death.

Ye *Pharisees* adieu,  
Who boast of what you've done ;  
And say your hearts are true,  
And good or these are none.  
Your building's on the sand,  
The floods will wash them down ;  
The fire it cannot stand,  
How the Almighty frown ?  
The God who will your souls require,  
Is out of Christ consuming fire.

You go each sabbath day  
To church, your bible read ;  
And many prayers you say,  
A quieted life you lead.

You "cry what have I done,"  
That I should go to hell ?  
I hope that place to shun,  
And with the Saviour dwell.  
He's merciful on whom I call,  
If I'm not sav'd, God help us all.

But ah ! he's just as well,  
And true in all his ways ;  
A lie he cannot tell,  
Oh hear then what he says.  
"Ye all are born in sin,  
And wander'd far from me ;  
Ye must be born again,  
Or ne'er my kingdom see ;  
Salvation is alone of grace,  
And not by works of righteousness."

Ye *Penitents* adieu,  
Who know the best my worth ;  
I've agoniz'd for you,  
And travel'd long in birth.  
I've witness'd all your grief,  
Your keen contrition felt ;  
And groan'd for your relief,  
While by your sides I've knelt.  
I would not willingly depart,  
Till Christ is form'd within your  
heart,

A ray darts from the throne,  
A beam of light divine;  
Which in thine heart hath shone,  
And made thy soul repine;  
Hark! Jesus speaks to thee,  
“Art thou with sin oppress’d?”  
Come sinner then to me,  
And I will give you rest.  
Lord save! I perish, you exclaim,  
But can’t believe in Jesu’s name.

But I rejoice to know,  
That all shall find who seek;  
God’s word declares it so,  
Then mourners hear me speak.  
By faith the promise plead,  
Say, “Lord thy word is true;”  
For me did Jesus bleed,  
I will believe, I *do*.  
If thou wilt not my sorrows chase,  
I’ll perish at the throne of grace.

Ye *Moralists* farewell,  
Who almost reach the gate  
Of heaven; yet sink to hell,  
I must describe your state.  
Your talents may be bright,  
Your dispositions kind;

Words pure, and deeds upright,  
And virtuous your mind.  
There excellences oft I trace,  
In many but no saving grace.

I've spent some happy hours,  
With persons of this class ;  
Admir'd sweet virtues flowers,  
But yet, alas ! alas !  
No change was wrought within,  
'Twas nature without grace ;  
Still unconvinc'd of sin,  
Oh ! melancholy case.  
It makes my heart with sorrow swell,  
To think that such must go to hell.

Did not the Lord create,  
Man upright wise and good :  
And in that blissful state,  
We all in Adam stood.  
He by transgression fell,  
And with him all our race ;  
So if we're sav'd from hell,  
'Tis all of sov'reign grace.  
We have the Spirit and the blood,  
To witness we are born of God.  
Farewell backsliders all,  
Yours is a dreadful case ;

Most awful was your fall,  
And horrid your disgrace ;  
You crucified again,  
The bleeding Son of God ;  
You multiplied his pain,  
And trampled on his blood.  
Your crimes are of a crimson hue,  
The hottest hell's reserved for you.

But let me now proclaim,  
There's mercy still for thee,  
If sought in Jesu's name :  
Oh ! then to Jesus flee,  
God's bowels o'er you yearn ;  
His weeping Son cries, "*Spure,*"  
His Spirit says return,  
The angels wait to bear  
The joyful news before the throne,  
That thou dost now thy sins bemoan.

Jehovah speaks to thee,  
Oh hear ! (and may you feel ;)  
Return, he cries to me ;  
I'll thy backsliding's heal ;  
Why so my Spirit grieve,  
Which strives both day and night ?  
Why tempt it so to leave,  
And take its final flight ?

The foulest blow I strike will be,  
When I refuse to strike on thee.

Ye *Worldling* souls, farewell !  
Who filled with anxious care,  
Ne'er think of heaven or hell,  
Of God, or death, or prayer ;  
What shall we eat or drink,  
Or wear, is all your cry ;  
Of nothing else you think,  
And thus you live and die.  
Your filthy carcasses are cramm'd,  
Your precious souls are starved and damn'd.

The drunkard thirsts and drinks,  
To quench his foul desire ;  
Pours down (he little thinks)  
His throat the liquid fire ;  
He drinks and thirsts again,  
For more aloud he cries,  
He drowns his poisoned brain,  
And in disgrace he dies.  
Then down the monster sinks to hell,  
With endless flames and fiends to dwell.

You are not thus, but then  
You love the world, and oh !  
What thousands has it slain,  
And plung'd in endless woe.  
Its honours swiftly pass,  
Its pleasures soon decay ;



Its riches oft alas !

Make wings and fly away.

Then oh ! from such, withdraw thy love,  
And fix thine heart on things above.

*Believers* all adieu,

Who serve the Lord with awe ;

Who have the prize in view,

And love Jehovah's law :

Pursue the blissful way,

With patience run your race ;

Press on, strive, watch and pray,

And daily mend your pace.

Thy light is come, arise and shine,

Till all within is life divine.

You've chose the better part,

The world beneath you lies ;

The Saviour's in your heart,

And glory's in your eyes.

God's Spirit is your guide,

True holiness your way ;

Your portion (after tried,)

A crown in endless day.

On Christ rely, thy race so run,

Till he shall cry aloud, "well done."

With rev'rence, faith and prayer,

Peruse the word divine ;

All grace is treasured there,

And all with Christ is thine.

You will not lose your way,  
With Jesus by your side ;  
Nor in the desert stray,  
With this unerring guide.  
'Twill us direct where'er we roam,  
Conduct us to our blissful home.

My *Enemies* adieu,  
Who long have been my foes ;  
I now appeal to you,  
Why so my soul oppose ?  
With proud malignant eyes,  
You long have gazed in vain ;  
Your schemes my soul defies,  
Thank God I'm not your slain.  
Your hearts are filled with bitter  
spleen,  
Through looking long, when nought  
is seen.

From actions I've inferr'd,  
You strove my thoughts to read,  
To misconstrue each word,  
And blacken every deed.  
But which of you (I ask)  
Convinceth me of sin ;  
I'll set no other task,  
Confute or give it in.

By grace I've kept a conscience clear,  
And have praise God no man to fear.

Have not I always strove,  
To be on terms of peace;  
To conquer you by love,  
And cause all jars to cease.  
Well—you and I shall meet  
Again in that great day,  
Before the judgment seat;  
Till then, I go my way.  
I trust you'll there with Christ  
commend,  
The conduct which I now defend.

My christian *Friends* adieu,  
Oh! meet my soul above;  
With grief I part from you,  
Whom I so dearly love.  
Though never more we bow,  
Before the mercy seat,  
Yet solemnly we vow,  
Each one in bliss to meet.  
Increase your speed, and I will mine,  
Thou God of grace within us shine.

The kindness you have shown  
To me, unworthy me,  
Deserves far more I own,  
Than I can give to thee.

My grateful thanks receive,  
Although the offering's poor ;  
The debtor you'll reprieve,  
'Tis done—you ask no more.  
May Christ at last exclaim to thee,  
Rejoice, the deed was done to me.

From you I now depart,  
In agonizing grief ;  
The pangs that rend my heart,  
I humbly trust are brief.  
But I must them endure,  
Although they pierce me through,  
For there remains no cure,  
So then adieu ! adieu !  
Before the throne of grace I fall,  
And pray "Jehovah save us all."

The *Profligate* alarm,  
The *Formalist* distress ;  
The *Pharisee* disarm,  
The *Penitent* Lord bless !  
The *Moralist* renew,  
The *Wanderer* reclaim ;  
The *Worldling's* case subdue,  
The *Christian's* love in-flame.  
My *Friends* reward, my *Foes* forgive,  
May all eternal life receive.

**MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS.**

**MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS.**

---

**THE TERRIFIED CONSCIENCE OF  
A MURDERER.**

THOUGH twenty years are fled,  
The vision haunts me still !  
To see the blood I shed,  
Makes mine to run most chill :  
Poor Mary's spirit still appears,  
And garments stain'd with blood she wears.

All other crimes may sleep,  
But villany like mine,  
Will in existence keep,  
When stars refuse to shine.  
My being's poison'd ; Oh ! the sight,  
Throws o'er me clouds of blackest night.

The worm that never dies,  
Is preying on my heart ;  
While Mary's groans and cries,  
Thrill through me like a dart :  
My conscience scar'd my blighted name,  
Strikes terror through my mortal frame.

## THE SILENT TOMB.

IN yon Church yard there sleeps an eye,  
 Which gazed on me with fond delight ;  
 A breast which oft times heaved the sigh,  
 But now lays low in death's cold night.  
 There lays an heart which once warm glow'd  
 With purest love, and love to me ;  
 A tongue from which true wisdom flow'd,  
 Which ofttimes spoke my soul to thee ;  
 But it alas ! shall speak no more,  
 Till greedy graves their slain restore.

## AN ARDENT WISH.

I long to see the time (which once began,)  
 When tipling, gambling, swearing, Pastors  
 cease,  
 And every Village has a Church and Man  
 Of God, who loves the flock above the fleece ;  
 Not like the finger post, to point the way,  
 Direct us forward, but behind us stay,  
 Cry do not as I do, but as I say. }  
 Amazing ignorance that men should go,  
 To hear such wretched *sermon-mongers* prate ;  
 But ah ! they love to have the path to woe,  
 All strew'd with flowers, but grace and truth  
 they hate :  
 The blind lead on the blind to ruins brink,  
 Till both at length in endless torments sink.



## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

MY once dearest friend, I shall love thee for ever,  
No change, time or distance, shall e'er my heart  
sever,

From thine, which still dwells in the bosom I cherish;  
If I cease to love thee I perish—I perish;  
It will not, it shall not, it *cannot* so be,  
For thou art deep rooted in my memory;  
Though forests and mountains between us high rear,  
Lamenting, I send thee a thought, sigh and tear:  
Accept dear companion this token of love,  
And still me remember, and meet me above.

## THE GREAT MAN'S EXIT.

He was a brilliant rising sun,  
Eclipsing all, eclipsed by none;  
But ere he reach'd meridian height,  
He set, and left our world to night;  
While he shone, other lights were dim,  
Yea, darkness when compared to him:  
With mingled beams and ardent blaze,  
He shed his salutary rays;  
But ah! he's finish'd his career,  
To let the twinkling stars appear;  
The splendid luminary's gone,  
England lament, thy loss bemoan.

## SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

To all in love I recommend,  
The sinners plea, the sinners friend ;  
Do any ask, *what is that plea ?*  
'Tis "God be merciful to me,  
A sinner, guilty, helpless, dead,  
Who feels thy wrath hang o'er my head.  
If any ask, *what friend is meant ?*  
'Tis Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent,  
To make atonement for our sin,  
And then our souls through grace to win ;  
Whoe'er believe in Christ are blest,  
With pardon, peace, and endless rest.

## THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME.

'MIDST painful vicissitudes, troubles of life,  
And scenes of confusion, loss, toil, grief and strife ;  
I still am exulting, wherever I roam,  
While viewing the prospect of glory at home.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,  
Oh ! guide me Jehovah to glory my home.

When seas swell with sorrow dark clouds dim the sky,  
And waves of temptation roll dismal and high ;  
With Christ in the vessel, let loud billows foam,  
My Saviour's the pilot, he'll steer me safe home.

Home, Home, &c,

## PRIMEVAL STATE.

No plant obnoxious to corrupt the soil,  
No weary limbs or sweating brow through toil,  
No impure vapours to infect the air,  
No sickness, danger, dread or anxious care :  
No sin, or pain, or sorrow to annoy,  
Thy cup brim full O man must overflow with joy.

Pure sylvan scenes and fragrant odours rise,  
The groves all music, and serene the skies;  
Transparent floods and chrystal fountains flow,  
Ambrosial gales o'er fertile mountains blow ;  
Sweet flowers and herbs the verdant plains adorn,  
Exuberant they grow, the rose without the thorn.

## EVANGELICAL REPENTANCE.

A ray of light divine darts from God's throne,  
And shines in every corner of the heart ;  
Breaks it in pieces, by contrition's groan,  
While soul & body seem as though they'd part ;  
A catalogue of crimes most foul appear,  
Thick clouds of wrath hang o'er my head to  
burst ;  
Hell yawns beneath, my soul away to tear,  
The broken law pronounces me accurst :  
It thunders nearer and still nearer roll,  
Oh ! whither shall I flee ? *Lord ! save my soul.*

## HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

I'll draw (although myself defiled)  
 A picture true of Nature's child ;  
 In this sad state, oh man ! thou art,  
 Till grace hath chang'd thy stubborn heart,  
 Ignorant, guilty and depraved,  
 Insensible, condemn'd, enslaved,  
 Impenitent, asleep, astray,  
 Dark, lost and dead, the devil's prey ;  
 Vile, naked, helpless, hopeless, blind,  
 To sin and only sin inclined.

## THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

HIMSELF the victim, and the Priest he dies,

The mercy seat is sprinkled with his blood !  
 While clouds of incense penetrate the skies,

He falls as man, but rises like a God !  
 The barriers of the tomb HE bursts asunder,

The mighty earthquakes rage like crashing  
 thunder,

While fiends and devils howl, the saints and  
 seraphs wonder.

With garments roll'd in blood HE enters bliss !

Its gates unfold, its courts with rapture ring ;  
 Astonish'd angels cry, "who ! who is this ?

Cherubic legions shout '*'tis Christ your King:*

All heaven's wrapt in silent admiration !

All earth proclaims the joyful sound 'salvation,'

While hell's dark caverns quake with shrieks of  
 consternation.

## JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Perfect obedience ! that dark way !  
Is quite block'd up, admits not one ;  
Sharp flaming swords guard it to slay,  
Whoever trespasses thereon,  
Or hopes for bliss through what he's done.

Salvation's bought by blood divine !  
God offers it through Christ who died ;  
The Spirit takes and seals the sign !  
The soul believes, the blood's applied,  
And he's that moment justified.

## A SOUL CONVEYED TO BLISS.

Hark ! hear a whisper ! "spirit come away,"  
'Tis heard ! the vital spark forsakes the clay.  
The blissful throng on wings of eager love,  
Descend to bear the happy soul above ;  
Through trackless ether, he with rapture soars,  
The limits of the universe explores ;  
Ten thousand suns and stars in glory bright,  
Are pass'd, eclipsed, by his more dazzling light.  
With all the ease and swiftness of a thought,  
To heaven's imperial palace, lo ! he's brought,  
With palms and crowns and robes ; archangels fly,  
They hail the soul ! and welcome, welcome cry :  
How wonderous the vision, who can tell ?  
Description fails, and all's unutterable !

## THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

He was not found on thrones of gold reclining,  
(Like other lordly monarchs of the east ;)  
Wreath'd with a crown of diamonds brightly shining,  
'Midst kings and princes at a splendid feast.  
No ! nature's sovereign (though to us a stranger  
Whom he would rescue from eternal danger,) }  
Was of a virgin born, and cradled in a manger.

But ah ! what honour ! Seraphs tell the story,  
Cherubic choirs loud chant his natal lay ;  
An unknown star, bestows the east new glory,  
While oriental sages homage pay.  
All heaven paused ! and view'd the scene with  
sadness, }  
Hell trembled in an ecstasy of madness !  
While earth adored & hail'd the day with gladness. }

## THE SWEARER.

My blood is chill'd to hear  
The name of God profan'd ;  
I've read the swearer's prayer,  
And heard the oath explain'd.  
Oh ! horrible to tell,  
He begs eternal fire ;  
He's learnt the slang of hell,  
Which spirits damn'd require.  
And its a language only fit  
For fiends and the infernal pit.



### THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

THE whole Creation yields to Jesu's sway,  
 The dead are raised, the sick and wounded heal'd,  
 The mighty winds and rolling waves obey,  
 The sinner's pardon'd and the christian seal'd ;  
 With five small loaves, five thousand souls were fed,  
 Infernal fiends before his presence fled.

Rude tempests in their full career he hush'd ;  
 With placid ease he trod the raging sea :  
 "The conscious water saw its Lord and blush'd ;"  
 Beneath his sentence died the fruitless tree :  
 In his great name, by his own power, he wrought  
 These works divine! yea, more--*my pardon bought.*

### THE TITLES OF CHRIST.

Oh ! Jesus my refuge, root, raiment and treasure,  
 My shepherd, door, food, light, life, truth and way,  
 My fountain, foundation, peace, pattern and pleasure,  
 My sun, shield, strength, song, head, hope, horn and  
     stay,  
 My wisdom, rock, righteousness, sanctification,  
 My prophet, priest, king, captain, brother and friend,  
 Physician, dew, advocate, propitiation,  
 Passover, prince, saviour, ark, author and end :  
 In Christ my Redeemer these glories I see,  
 And praise him for ever : *He's all these to me.*



## THE SUFFERING'S OF CHRIST.

WHAT's that which makes the Deity to tremble ?

Hark ! hear his groans from dread Gethsemane;  
They come from him whose nature can't dissemble,

A prelude to the storm at Calvary :

Tremendous load, no one with him to share it,  
The mighty Saviour sinks and faints to bear it.

Behold Jehovah ! 'neath the burden bending,

Grief hangs her shades on his majestic brow ;

A fragrance from the blood stain'd turf's ascending,

If angels sigh ! their breasts are throbbing now.

Ye shattered rocks reverberate his groaning,

Let all creation blush, the horrid crime disowning.

## CHRIST AT JERUSALEM.

He comes ! he comes ! though lowly in his manner,

Yet multitudes bestrew the royal way

With olive branches, while they shout "hosannah,"

To David's Son their joyful homage pay.

But he who knew alike effects and causes,

Beheld the glaring scene unmoved by vain applauses.

Jerusalem is thrown in sad confusion,

Its lawful King exerts his power supreme ;

He purged the temple from all base intrusion,

While tears of sorrow on his eye-balls gleam.

Grand titles are not to his subjects given,

But life, sight, health, peace, holiness and heaven.

## THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Heaven fled ! the astonish'd sight, (no scene more  
shocking,)

Earth trembled, while archangels wond'ring stood,  
Midst weeping saints, black fiends and rebels mocking,

Beneath the cross, all stained with hallow'd blood.

The final groan is heard ! the deed was done,

Which threw o'er earth a robe, and blotted out the sun.

Oh sacred justice ! where, where were ye sleeping,

When such indignity your Prince befel !

Couldst thou behold sun, moon and earth all weeping ?

And tearless stand—the monsters not repel ?

I ask no more ! a voice from yonder skies

Reveals the mighty cause, why great Jehovah dies.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who in heaven art,

Thy name be hallowed in each heart,

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,

To every soul of Adam's race :

Oh ! let thy will on earth be done,

By us, like those, around thy throne.

This day our needful bread bestow,

Then hunger ne'er will be our woe ;

Forgive our debts, as we forgive

Our fellow-men with whom we live :

Lead us not in the tempter's way,

Deliver us from sin, we pray,

For thine's the kingdom, and the power,

And glory now, and evermore.

## A BLAMELESS LIFE.

With salvation beautified, brightly to shine,  
 Array'd in Christ's righteousness spotless divine;  
 The sword of the Spirit, strong, faith, my broad shield,  
 Shall make my foes quit in confusion, the field:  
 When trials, temptations, afflictions abound;  
 When friends all forsake me, and foes all surround:  
 Vile sinners encompass on every side,  
 With eyes gaze malignant, and watch to deride;  
 May I prove a christian, in thought, word, and deed,  
 A living epistle, for all men to read.

## THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

Perhaps thy death-warrant already is seal'd,  
 In heaven's high court with the finger of God;  
 And HE the stern Monarch! to whom thou must yield,  
 Is with his commission pursuing his road:  
 See! yonder *he's* coming, behold his fierce dart!  
 Prepare! for his arrow shall pierce through thine  
     heart,  
 A stroke which shall make soul and body to part.

It may be the shuttle has passed through the loom,  
 Your winding sheet's woven, the warning's more loud  
 The Mason's preparing the stone for thy tomb,  
 The cloth is now severed, destined for thy shroud:  
 Life's thread the next moment is smitten and broke,  
 See sinner! death's wetting his scythe for the stroke,  
 Oh fly to the Saviour! his pardon invoke.

### THE REALITIES OF JUDGEMENT.

The shattered wheels of time, now cease to roll,  
The graves unfold, the dead in crowds arise :  
The heavens shrivel as a parchment scroll !  
The Judge in pomp, descends from yonder skies.  
The vivid lightning flies in dismal flashes,  
Ten thousand thunders roll, in most tremendous  
crashes.

My soul with awe, this dread event survey,  
And get prepared a good account to give ;  
Then shalt thou hail the memorable day,  
Exulting rise, eternal life to live.  
But if on earth thy precious soul be slighted,  
Thy prospects all, alas ! will be for ever blighted.

### HOLINESS OF HEART.

'Tis perfect love that casts out slavish fear,  
And nature crucified, till self expires ;  
To walk by faith, till every breath is prayer,  
And Christ is all to fill the soul desires :  
The conscience purged from all its guilty stains,  
The will to God's most cheerfully resign'd ;  
The memory all, good alone retains,  
A happy, pure, a meek and quiet mind.  
The whole affection's fix'd on things above,  
The heart brim full of God, the life, a life of love.

## THE TRUE PENITENT.

Oh Jesus a sinner behold !  
That feels his heart broken with grief ;  
Thy character saving unfold,  
I perish without thy relief.  
A crumb of thy mercy impart,  
One drop of thy blood now apply,  
Oh ! touch with thy finger my heart ;  
Or grant a sweet glance from thine eye,  
My soul to thy image restore,  
Through Christ, I the blessing implore.

## THE CORPSE OF MY FRIEND.

Is this the pale corpse of my friend,  
Whom once I beheld with delight ?  
With sorrow I over it bend,  
Alas ! how appalling the sight.  
But yet I discern a sweet trace,  
Of thy disposition so kind ;  
But ah ! time will soon it erase,  
And leave no impression behind.  
Farewell my companion once dear !  
With grief I resign thee to earth ;  
This token of love—my last tear,  
Commemorate's thy pious worth.

## CHRIST THE CHRISTIAN'S ALL.

THE Saviour is my portion,  
His word my only guide ;  
I render him devotion,  
His honour is my pride :  
His will my blissful pleasure,  
His service my delight,  
His grace my choicest treasure,  
I glory in his might :  
In him have I salvation,  
Before his feet I fall,  
And pay him adoration,  
Who is my all in all.

## ADIEU TO WALES.

Oh England ! sweet spot, my native home,  
Whatever clime I see, where'er I roam,  
I'll cherish this fond thought, that thou wilt be,  
For ever my unrivalled country :  
With tearful eyes and aching heart I stand,  
And view thy glories in another land :  
If I exclaimed "for ever fare-thee-well,"  
My tongue would then against my heart rebel ;  
No longer I my throbbing bosom pain,  
But haste to my deserted home again :  
My soul with raptured power its native hails,  
And lingering sighs a last adieu to Wales.



## MULTUM IN PARVO.

THE Father, Son and Spirit—three in one,  
 Unite to form, redeem, renew the soul  
 Of man, condemn'd depraved, through sin undone,  
 By grace enlighten'd, pardon'd and made whole;  
 Yes, meet for death, God's bar, (not hell) but bliss,  
 By true repentance, faith, and holiness.

## RESIGNATION.

THEY as kind parents felt the stroke and sigh'd;  
 Yes, fond affection made the tear to flow;  
 But as true Christians they resign'd, and cried,  
 The Lord hath done it, who no wrong can do:  
 From this vain world, he took my child away,  
 From all the evils of a future day.

## SALVATION OBTAINED.

THE blind and guilty, vile and helpless soul,  
 Reflects, repents, resolves, reforms his life,  
 Sin reigns within, he yields to its controul,  
 Till nature sinks, and grace concludes the strife:  
 The humble penitent in self-despair,  
 Comes straight to God, through Christ, by faith,  
 in prayer.

## THE FARMER'S COMPLAINT.

OH dear! oh dear! it rains again this morn,  
 What shall I do—what shall I do? my corn  
 Will all be spoil'd, 'tis spritting in the field;  
 My Farm, alas! will *nought* this season yield;  
 I'm ruin'd—oh! how shall I pay my rent?  
 My money all (to get my hay) was spent,



And spent in vain ; for that's as bad or worse,  
T'will starve my Cattle : "Lord remove the curse."

Ah yes ! 'tis right that you should humbly pray,  
That God would turn his threat'ning wrath away ;  
For long have we deserved the dreadful blow,  
Which falls on man and beast with equal woe.  
O'er our vile Nation seems to hang a cloud,  
Most dark and dismal ! tremble all ye proud,  
Lest its contents should prove "consuming fire,"  
Enkindled by Jehovah's vengeful ire :  
Oh ! bow submissive to his chast'ning rod,  
Obey his word, "prepare to meet thy God."

---

**OUTLINES OF SERMONS.**

## OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

---

*“So run, that ye may obtain.”*

1. COR. ix & 24.

WHAT we are to run, and what we may expect to obtain, is not here mentioned ; I shall therefore show what is *implied*, as well as what is *expressed* in the text.

I. What is implied—a race for a crown of life.

II. What is expressed—running so as to obtain it.

Then brethren, so run ye ; “let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.”

---

*“Set thine House in order, for thou shalt die and not live.”*

ISAIAH, xxxviii & 1.

How awful and majestic is this volume, entitled the Holy Bible; while the best of other books, can only say, “Thus saith Man,” this comes unto us with a “Thus saith the Lord,” the very words that issue in our text; in which we have a *solemn declaration*, accompanied with an *appropriate admonition*.

I. A solemn declaration—“thou shalt die and not live.”

II. An appropriate admonition—“Set thine house in order.”

Only Christians are enabled to say, “We *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building with God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”—Art thou then a Christian?

*“These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.”*

ACTS xvii & 6.

Christianity resembles the Camomile plant, the more we aim to suppress it, the more it spreads and

grows. The circumstances connected with this text, are proofs of this truth ; from which we learn

- I. The courageous character and proceedings of Paul and Silas,—‘These’
- II. The wonderful effects produced by their preaching the gospel—“turned the world upside down.”
- III. Their entrance and reception at Thessalonica—“are come hither also.”

The same Gospel that was published at Thessalonica, is now proclaimed to you ; receive us as you receive Christ who sent us ; reject us, and we shake the dust off our feet as a testimony against you.

---

*“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great Salvation.”*

HEB. ii & 3.

The Apostle having described the dignity of the Son of God, thus argues ;—If he was so great, how important must that salvation be, which he came on earth to purchase ;—How essentially necessary for us to attend to it, and how awful the consequence of neglecting it ; “How shall we escape &c.” from this text I shall briefly show

- I. That there is a salvation provided for all men, inexpressibly great.
- II. That by far the greatest part of mankind are

living in the total and wilful neglect of it.

III. That such characters (continuing so) cannot possibly escape the eternal wrath of God.

We learn from this subject

1. That salvation is the greatest blessing.
2. That neglecting it, is the greatest curse.
3. That for such to escape hell, is the greatest impossibility.

Sinners see to it that you are not of this class.

*“ Being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness ; and the end, everlasting life.”*

ROM. vi. & 22.

We have in this single verse, the christian all complete.

- I. His *State*—“made free from sin.”
- II. His *Character*—“servant to God.”
- III. His *Conduct*—“fruit unto holiness.”
- IV. His *End*—“everlasting life.”

“Examine yourselves whether ye be in the Faith.”

*“Being justified by faith, we have peace with God ; through our Lord Jesus Christ.”*

ROM. v. & 1.

How truly sublime and expressive, is the language of inspiration—How comprehensive the passage be-

fore us, from which I shall endeavour to show

- I. The *important blessing* here spoken of, "being justified,"
- II. The *simple means* by which it is obtained, "by faith."
- III. The *joyful effects* which succeed its reception, "peace with God."
- IV. The *divine channel* through which it is imparted, "through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Happy are the people who can experimentally adopt the heart-cheering language of the text; can you?

---

*"Godliness is profitable."*

TIM. iv. & 8.

The Fact is certain, that we may be professors of godliness—believe all its doctrines, practise its duties, and yet be strangers to its inward enjoyment. We may also have been piously educated, strictly moral in our lives, and have had our passions powerfully wrought upon, and after all remain in the form of godliness.

I shall therefore endeavour to show from the text, the true *nature*, as well as the *advantages* of godliness.

- I. The nature of godliness ; this consists in



1. A godly sorrow—true repentance.
  2. A godly peace—pardon of sin.
  3. A godly nature—God-likeness.
  4. A godly life—upright conduct.
- II. The advantages of godliness, “profitable”
1. For individual reputation and health.
  2. For domestic peace, and family comfort.
  3. For social happiness, and public welfare.
  4. For all people in all seasons.

Profitable for young, old, rich, poor; in life, death, judgment and eternity.

Q. Why then so scarce ?

A. Because ignorance, worldly-mindedness, pride, prejudice, inconsideration and unbelief, are all combined to oppose it.—Let us abhor our folly, and return to the Lord.

---

*“The redemption of the soul is precious.”*

PSALM xlix. 8.

David no doubt understood the meaning of these mysterious words connected with the text—“it ceaseth for ever.”—He knew that the sacrifices offered under the law could not take away sin—all they could do, was to multiply the sum, and carry it forward to a day which he beheld by a prophetic eye; when the

promised Messiah would come and pay the debt by the shedding of his own blood; after which, all other sacrifices would cease, and "cease for ever."—I shall now by Divine aid, enter briefly upon the *import*, *object* and *price* of redemption.

I. The import of redemption—taking the term in the most extensive sense, it implies all that Christ is to the sinner, as,

1. Wisdom to *enlighten* his ignorant mind.
2. Righteousness to *justify* his guilty person.
3. Sanctification to *purify* his polluted nature.
4. Redemption to restore his corruptible body.

II. The object of redemption.--The soul; passing by its immortality—immateriality, and invisibility, I shall aim to prove it

1. Pure in its origin.
2. Spiritual in its nature.
3. Endless in its duration.
4. Inconceivable in its value.

III. The price of redemption "precious;" we can only form a proper conception of this, by taking an extensive survey of the Redeemer.

1. The dignity of his person.
2. The greatness of his condescension.
3. The perfection of his obedience.
4. The extremity of his sufferings.

Oh! then let us consider, that we each of us possess an immortal soul, created in the image of God,

and redeemed by the blood of Christ; a precious soul, which if once lost, "ceaseth to be reclaimed for ever."

Had I ten thousand worlds all at my disposal, and offered them for the redemption of that soul which has just entered into perdition, my offer would be rejected with eternal contempt; God will satisfy his justice in the damnation of sinners, and all who are cast into the prison of hell, are not allowed to come out until they have paid the uttermost farthing, and they have not a farthing to pay with: alarming state, Lord save you and me from it.

---

*"But one thing is needful."*

LUKE, x. & 47.

A restless anxiety about any-thing of a worldly nature, always proves injurious to the spiritual welfare of the christian—Christ evidently discovered this disposition to be too prevalent in Martha; he therefore affectionately reproved her in the words preceding the text, 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful:' from this comprehensive passage, I shall endeavour to shew

I. That the thing named in the text, is *Religion*, which implies

1. Light in the understanding.
  2. Grace in the heart.
  3. Rectitude in the life.
- II. That this *Religion* is "one thing," and *but* one thing, respecting
1. Its author.
  2. Its nature.
  3. Its effects.
- III. That this one thing, is the one thing *needful* ;  
needful to make
1. Life pleasant.
  2. Death welcome.
  3. Eternity blissful.

*Application.*

1. If the thing named in the text be *Religion*, let us make choice of it as Mary did.
  2. If this Religion be 'but one thing,' let us avoid being "cumbered about many things," as Martha was.
  3. If this Religion be the 'one thing *needful*,' let us resolve by the grace of God, that it shall be no longer the one thing *neglected*.
-

*"Christ in you the hope of Glory."*

COL. i. & 27.

In this passage we are furnished with a beautiful definition of the Gospel :—the foundation, nature, and object of the christian's hope: The good tidings therefore which it contains, I shall now by divine aid publish in your hearing, taking the words precisely in the same order as they lie before me.

I. We preach Christ—and preach him as

1. The foundation of our hope on which we must build for time and eternity.
2. The object of our affections, one whom we must love supremely.
3. The source of our supplies, from whom we derive every blessing.
4. The rule of our lives, one worthy of imitation under all circumstances.

II. We preach Christ "in you"

1. As light in the lamp dispelling darkness, sin and error, imparting light, life, and vigour.
2. As leaven in the meal, purging out the old leaven of sin, until the whole lump be leavened.
3. As the tables of testimony in the ark, to teach, convince, correct, reprove, &c.
4. As the glorious Shekinah in the temple, filling the soul with inexpressible glory.

III. We preach Christ in you, "the hope" which hope is

1. A reasonable hope, enabling its possessor to 'give a reason of the hope that is within him, with meekness and fear.'
2. A purifying hope, 'whosoever hath it, purifieth himself even as he is pure.'
3. A reviving hope, one which acts as an anchor to sustain the soul under all its troubles.
4. An immortal hope, or one blooming with life and immortality, a good hope through grace of heaven.

IV. We preach "Christ in you the hope of glory" which glory consists of

1. A glorified body like unto Christ's glorious body, luminous—splendid, immortal.
2. A glorified Spirit, active as the forked lightning, brighter than the meridian sun.
3. In glorious *enjoyments*, a bliss where happiness is pure without alloy—full without measure—and lasting without end.
4. In glorious *employments*, praising God and the Lamb before the throne, lost in wonder love and rapture.

Such is the blissful prospect that awaits the despised followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The world under his feet, Christ in his heart, and glory



in his eye, constitutes him completely happy, even while on earth: sinner, what is your hope of glory? You have no reasonable one at present; the Lord help you to seek in earnest after it.

---

*“Take heed therefore how ye hear.”*

LUKE, viii. & 18.

Hearing the word of God, is an ordinance of Divine appointment, and is rendered of the greatest importance from a two-fold consideration; first, we should *hear*, because that faith by the instrumentality of which we are saved, comes by *hearing*, and hearing by the word of God preached: second, we should *‘take heed’* to our hearing, because there are four classes of hearers represented by our Lord in a parable; and but one who hears so as finally to profit.

*“Take heed therefore how ye hear,”*

I. So as to *understand* the word, in order to this

1. Seek an acquaintance with the word.
2. Come with a desire to learn the word.
3. Have a fixed attention to the word.

Avoid a roving eye—a wandering mind—and a drowsy spirit.

II. So as to *feel* the word, in order to this, consider

1. The place you are met in, is God’s house.
2. The Minister employed, is God’s servant.



3. The word you are hearing, is God's word.

Think—I am in Jehovah's presence—this opportunity will never return—I may now be hearing my last sermon.

III. So as to *remember* the word, in order to this

1. Divest your memories of other burdens.
2. Observe the divisions of the discourse.
3. Make it the subject of your conversation.

Depart silently—meditate upon it deeply—and speak of it freely.

IV. Hear so as to practise the word, in order to this

1. Hear with sincerity, and self-application.
2. Hear with humility, and self-examination.
3. Hear with meekness, faith, and prayer.

With prayer before hearing—while hearing—and after hearing, that the word may take deep root, &c.

### *Inference.*

If right hearing the word, be of so great importance, how necessary it is for us to take heed to our preaching. Let us then as sowers of the word, be careful not to sow the chaff of metaphysical speculations, human traditions, or empty notions; nor the light corn of moral doctrines, much less the tares of superstitious injunctions, of enthusiastic, pharisaic, or antinomian delusions, but the well bodied grain of the essential doctrines of the Gospel of Christ. Let

us see that every text has its true meaning, every truth its due weight, and every hearer his proper portion.

---

*“And this also we wish, even your perfection.”*

ii COR. xiii, & ix.

The word ‘perfection’ is made a rock of offence to many professing christians, especially those who are desirous of ascertaining how little grace will take them to heaven; instead of seeking after all the mind that was in Christ. But without regarding the multitude, we fearlessly with St. Paul, “warn every man, and teach every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ.”

Perfect in all the branches of Christianity.

- I. In the *knowledge* of all its *doctrines*—the fall—redemption—and resurrection of man—repentance—justification—and holiness.
- II. In the *possession* of all its *graces*—faith—hope and charity—patience—meekness—and humility.
- III. In the *enjoyment* of all its *privileges*—pardon of sin—peace of God—love of Christ—joy of the Spirit—assurance of faith—and final perseverance.
- IV. In the *performance* of all its *duties*—searching the scriptures—attendance on ordinances—watchfulness—prayer—self-examination—and self-denial.

Thus brethren we wish your perfection in all religious knowledge, experience and practise—knowing the love of Christ which passeth knowledge—filled with his communicable fulness—and walking as he also walked : at all times ready to speak and act for God, doing all with a submission to his will—dependence on his grace--& for the promotion of his glory.

---

*“Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?”*

ZECH. ix. & 2.

During Mr. Wesley's years of childhood, a very singular providence occurred, which saved his life. The house in which he was sleeping caught fire, and but a few moments before the roof fell in, he was rescued from the chamber window by means of three persons getting on each others shoulders. This dreadful and affecting scene is taken in a picture, at the bottom of which, (referring to the venerable founder of Methodism) are the words of the text.

From this passage (chosen by the deceased, and designed for a funeral sermon) I shall attempt to show

I. That God has reserved for the unconverted a place of punishment called a 'fire' an unquenchable fire, wherein is displayed

1. The heat of God's anger.
  2. The rage of Satan's malice.
  3. The fury of man's conscience.
- II. That all men by nature have rendered themselves obnoxious to punishment and become fit fuel for this fire.
1. By original depravity.
  2. By actual transgression.
  3. By wilful rebellion.
- III. That God in mercy through Christ, makes use of various means in order to '*pluck*' sinners out of this fire.
1. The ministry of his word.
  2. The strivings of his Spirit.
  3. The dispensations of his providence.
- IV. That all who are saved, especially notorious sinners, are '*brands*' plucked out of the fire; the word referring to such, signifies
1. One already as it were *in* the fire.
  2. One suddenly arrested *at* the fire.
  3. One eternally rescued *from* the fire.

Having thus gone through the subject, I shall now show how precisely applicable the text is to the person who made choice of it, and this I shall do by a brief glance at his character, as a vile sinner—true penitent—and sincere christian; and close with a suitable address to his family—the church—and the world.

Was he not a "brand plucked out of the fire?"

Our beloved Brother is gone, and left a vacant space in the church ; who among you will come out of the service of Satan and fill it up ? Sinner, here's room.

"Come with us and we will do you good."

---

"Son give me thine heart."

PROV. 23. & xxvi.

And wilt thou Lord accept of such an evil, stony heart as mine ? I know thou wilt, if it be humble & broken on account of sin. By the 'heart' is not here meant that part of the animal body which is the source of vital motion—the fountain of natural life ; but the soul immortal, with all its powers ; the understanding—will—memory—conscience and affections ; we may therefore plainly discover

- I. *What* is here *solicited* ; not the head—not the hands—but the *heart* ; the whole heart and nothing but the heart.
- II. *To whom* we must *dedicate* it ; not to the creature—not to the world—but to God, its Creator—Redeemer and Renewer.
- III. *How* it is to be *disposed* of ; not sold—not lent—but *given* ; freely—fully and instantly.
- IV. *Who* makes the *surrender* ; not a slave—not a servant—but a 'Son' ; the child of an all-wise, glorious, and heavenly Father.

"Son give me thine heart."

Every word in this text may be rendered emphatical, and furnish an instructive lesson to

1. One who is giving his time—talents & property to God, and his cause, but keeps back his heart—‘Give me thine HEART.’
2. One who would see his servants—children and others pious, but is careless about himself—‘Give me THINE heart.’
3. One who is giving his heart to the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world—‘Give ME thine heart.’
4. One who in times of adversity—danger and affliction, *lends* God his heart—‘GIVE me thine heart.’

We learn from this subject the infinite condescension of the Deity, and the amazing stupidity of his creature man, instead of us entreating him to accept of our hearts, we allow him to request it at our hands, and though he has promised to make it the seat of true happiness, yet we seem to part with it, with the greatest reluctance.

Oh ! sinner instantly exclaim,  
 “Take my poor heart and let it be  
 For ever closed, to all but thee.”

---

“*With his stripes we are healed.*”

ISAIAH V. & 5.

Of all temporal blessings, health is certainly the most valuable ; without it, food, fortune and friends, cannot be enjoyed. The beauties of nature, sweets



of society, and bounties of Providence, all lose their charms with a sick man: but how amazing that the same men, whose every pulse beats after bodily health, choose and love spiritual sickness; they are alarmed at the least disorder which attacks the body, yet they have no concern about the soul, although it is wounded by sin, and sick unto death; but thank God though this is the case with most, yet not with all; many rejoice to know that there is a spiritual Physician by whose "stripes they may be healed."

From this glorious passage I shall attempt to show

- I. The fatal disease by which mankind is infected ;  
     this disease is *sin*, which is
  1. Loathsome in its nature.
  2. Extensive in its operation.
  3. Hereditary in its descent.
  4. Universal in its dominion.
  5. Dreadful in its consequence.
  6. Incurable by human aid; which leads me to  
     notice some of the properties of
- II. The exalted person who has condescended to  
     become our Physician, he is
  1. Infinite in skill.
  2. Sympathetic in his dealings.
  3. Impartial in his favours.
  4. Gratuitous in his proffession.
  5. Successful in his undertakings.
  6. Accessible at all seasons.

I come now to show



III. The astonishing means he submitted to, for our restoration, "stripes," these were

1. Rigourously just.
2. Tremendously severe.
3. Awfully mysterious.
4. Profoundly wise.
5. Sublimely grand.
6. Infinitely good.

This leads me to notice

IV. The blessed cure effected in all who are "healed." which is

1. Requisite in its accomplishment.
2. Radical in its nature.
3. Painful in its process.
4. Simple in its attainment.
5. Observable in its influence.
6. Glorious in its tendency.

*Application.*

Let us learn from this subject

1. To keep a lively recollection of our guilt and depravity.
  2. To praise God for the ample provisions made to save us.
  3. To realize all the dear bought blessings in our experience.
  4. To recommend them by our lips and lives to all around us, so shall we be blessed in our own souls, and prove blessings to others.
-

*“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*

LUKE, ii, 29 & 30.

That the apparent degradation of Christ's birth, might not prove a stumbling block to any, it is accompanied with an extraordinary luminary, which bestows new glory to the east, emphatically called “His Star:” a select band of heaven's harmonious choir, sang his natal hymn to pastoral watch in the field; while oriental sages (justly termed ‘wise men’) came an immense distance to pay divine homage to his person.

As ‘through shades of darkness, beams of glory shone’ at his birth; so at his circumcision, he is brought into the temple by his parents, (like all other children who are born in sin) to have done unto him after the custom of the law: but while he thus humbled himself, and become of no reputation, he is honoured with the presence of one of the highest reputation, namely, good old Simeon, a person of great note in Jerusalem, who was “just” in all his dealings towards man, and ‘devout’ under all circumstances towards God—being led by the Spirit into the temple, he took the holy child Jesus in his arms, and blessing God, repeated the language of the text, “Lord now lettest &c.”

We have in this text, the christian's character—experience and end.

#### I The Christian's Character “God's servant.”

1. He is God's Humble Servant—humble on account of
  1. His past transgressions.
  2. His present unprofitableness.
  3. His future liability of being cast off for ever.
2. He is God's Faithful servant, one
  1. Who is entrusted with his master's secrets.
  2. Who acts as always in his presence.
  3. Who does all for the promotion of his glory.

3. He is God's Obedient servant, and his obedience is

1. Cheerful, not reluctant.
2. Universal, not partial.
3. Constant, not now and then.

The text leads me to

II. The Christian's Experience, 'He has seen God's salvation' which blessed sight implies

1. A scriptural view of himself, as a Sinner, as
  1. An ignorant and rebellious sinner.
  2. A guilty and condemned sinner.
  3. A depraved and helpless sinner.
2. Coming as true penitent to God for salvation.
  1. Through the atoning merits of Christ.
  2. By simple and implicit faith.
  3. In humble and importunate prayer.
3. A comfortable assurance of Divine favour, which is
  1. Caused—through the remission of his sins.
  2. Known—by the renovation of his heart.
  3. Seen—in the reformation of his life.

The text leads us to

III. The Christian's End—it is called

1. A Departure, it is such, from
  1. A world of darkness to a world of light.
  2. A world of confusion to a world of peace.
  3. A world of sorrow to a world of joy.
 Joys which are internal, external, and eternal, it is
2. A Peaceful departure, he dies in the enjoyment of
  1. Peace with God, "being justified."
  2. Peace with conscience, guilt removed."
  3. Peace with the world, no animosity.

Behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. It is

3. A peaceful departure "According to God's Word."

According to his word.

- 1 Of doctrine given to Adam.—'Dust thou art, &c.'

2. Of precept given to Moses—Go up and die.
3. Of promise given to David, I will be with you, in the valley of the shadow of death, and thou shalt fear no evil.

Thus the true Christian triumphantly ends his career, and enters into the joy of his Lord.

### *Inferences.*

We learn from this subject

I. The contemptibleness of the world, in comparison with Christ—no sooner had Simeon been favoured with a view of the Saviour, then he desired to have his eyes closed upon every earthly object: with Christ in our arms (or rather hearts) and heaven in our eye, how little do the most splendid things of the world appear—we learn

II. That those who earnestly seek, and patiently wait for the coming of Christ, shall not die disappointed of their hope; Simeon waited many years, but not in vain; take encouragement poor penitents—the Lord whom ye seek, will suddenly come, yes! come into your hearts—chaste your grief and fill your souls with holy joy through believing—"Behold he shall come saith the Lord of Hosts." We learn

III. That those who would find him to the joy of their souls, must diligently enquire for him at his temple: it was here Simeon found him and embraced him: observe, he repaired thither in search of him, influenced by the Spirit—Do thou likewise go—go in the Spirit of prayer and expectation, and thou shalt find him also, and "depart in peace."

FINIS.

## SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

---

Rev. J. Mandano,	<i>Wem</i>
Mr. Wilson,	ditto
Mr. Vaughan,	ditto, two copies
Mr. Snape,	ditto
Rev. J. Kynaston,	ditto
Miss Chidloe,	ditto
Miss Burton,	ditto
Miss Rogers,	ditto
Rev. J. Pattison,	ditto
Mr. T. Gregory,	ditto
Mr. Onslow,	ditto
Mr. Bellingham,	ditto
Mr. T. Kynaston,	ditto
Mr. Walmsley,	ditto, four copies
Mr. Burton,	ditto
Mr. Howell,	ditto
Mrs. Radcliffe,	ditto
Mr. Parker,	ditto
Mr. Manifold,	<i>Creewood Hall</i> , six copies

Mr. Hughes, *Wem*  
 Miss C. Wilkinson, *Newton*  
 Miss Hill, *Hardwick Grange*  
 Miss Ellesmere, *Hadnal*  
 Mrs. Lister, *Wixhill*  
 Mrs. Powell, ditto  
 Mrs. Booth, ditto  
 Mrs. Savage, *Hawkstone*  
 Mrs. Thomason, ditto  
 Mrs. Williams, *Weston*  
 Miss Edge, ditto  
 Miss Ann Snape, ditto  
 Mr. John Phillips, ditto  
 Mr. Hiden, ditto  
 Mrs. Guest, ditto  
 Mrs. Astley, ditto  
 Miss Chidlow, ditto  
 Mrs. Phillips, ditto  
 Mrs. Dainty, *Moreton*  
 Mr. Clewes, *Weston*, seven copies  
 Mrs. Turner, *Weston heath*  
 Mr. Collinson, *Warrington*  
 Miss Wagstaff, ditto  
 Adolphus F. Prendeville, Esq. *Overton*  
 Mr. Cotton, *Marchamley*  
 Mrs. Beacall, ditto  
 Miss Beacall, ditto  
 Mr. Vaughan, ditto

Mr. Williams, *Marchamley*  
 Mrs. Dodd, ditto  
 Mrs. Ashley, ditto  
 Mr. Long, *Pauls green*  
 Mr. Edge, *Hodnet*  
 Mrs. Pool, ditto  
 Mr. J. Cartwright, ditto  
 Mrs. Gray, ditto  
 Mr. S. Pace, ditto  
 Mr. Hughes, ditto  
 Mr. Ridgeway, ditto  
 Mr. Thomas, *Hawkstone*  
 John Clulow Esq. *Macclesfield*, seven copies  
 Miss Williams, *Frankton*, three copies  
 Mr. Keeling, *Drayton*  
 Mr. Hazlehurst, *Runcorn*  
 Miss Cooper, ditto  
 Miss Southern, ditto  
 Mr. Stephens, *Burslem*  
 Miss Chidlow, *Prees*  
 Miss Sharratt, *Hollin Wood*  
 Miss Maddox, *Prees Green*  
 Mr. Pugh, *Wrexham*  
 Miss Oakley, *Prees*  
 Mr. Glassey, *Prees hough*  
 Mrs. Jones, *Linford*  
 Mr. Sands, *Brook*  
 Miss Shingler, *Lower heath*



Mr. Bailey, *Besford*, seven copies  
 Mr. Garner, *Bunbury*  
 Miss Barker, *Audlem*  
 Mr. Davies, ditto  
 Mr. Hill, ditto  
 Mr. Brookes, ditto, three copies  
 Mr. Buckley, *Aston*  
 Miss Jones, *Long hill*  
 Miss Mullock, *Lodmore lane*  
 Mr. Davies, *Buerton*, six copies  
 Miss Beech, *Audlem*  
 Mr. Dooler, *Long hill*  
 Mr. Jarratt, *Buerton*  
 Miss Vernon, ditto  
 Mrs. Barlow, *Wrexham*  
 Mrs. Clutton, *Ash*  
 Mrs. Edge, *Broughall*  
 Miss Fox, ditto  
 Mr. T. Cross, ditto  
 Mr. G. Cross, *Bickley*  
 Mr. J. Cross, *Broughall*  
 Miss Cross, ditto  
 Miss S. Cross, ditto  
 Miss Prince, *Cloverly*  
 Mr. Williams, *Burslem*  
 Miss Moulson, *Norbury*  
 Mr. Walford, *Whitchurch*, seven copies  
 Mrs. Crowfoot, *Tattenhall*

Mr. Siddins, *Broxton*  
 Mr. Mate, *Edge*  
 Mr. J. Morris, *Duckington*  
 Mr. J. Woolley ditto  
 Mr. J. Faulkner, *No-mans-heath*  
 Mr. Hall, *Bickley*  
 Mr. E. Lodmore, *Norbury*  
 Mr. T. Harding ditto  
 Mr. Stokes, *Bickley*  
 Mrs. Maddocks, *Tushingham*  
 Mr. Bennion, *Liverpool*, seven copies  
 Miss Humpstone, *Malpas*  
 Mr. Scott, *Betley*  
 Miss Wilkinson ditto  
 Mr. Bailey ditto  
 Mr. Rose ditto  
 Mr. Ellams ditto  
 Mr. R. Naylor ditto  
 A Friend ditto  
 Mr. Redfearn ditto  
 Mr. Naylor, *Wrine hill*  
 Mrs. Morris, *Wickstead hall*  
 Mrs. Lloyd, *Mount*  
 Mr. Becket, *Norbury*, seven copies  
 Mr. Raynor, *Hollins clough*  
 Mr. Reece, *Cuddington*  
 Miss Evans, *Overton*  
 Miss Allen ditto

Mr. Litler ditto  
 Mr. Guest, *Preston brook*  
 Miss Booth, *Keel*  
 Miss Wilkinson, *Newton*  
 Mr. Williams, *Wrexham*  
 Miss Price, ditto  
 Mr. Gough, *Ellesmere*  
 Mr. Langford, ditto three copies  
 Mr. Whim, *Cricket*  
 Miss Ester Stephenson, *Charn*, three copies  
 Miss Ann Stephenson, ditto, ditto  
 Miss Sarah Stephenson, ditto, ditto  
 Mrs. Allcock, *Whitchurch*  
 Mr. Brown, *Canal brook*  
 Mrs. Baxter, *Whitchurch*  
 Miss Cross, *Broughall*  
 Miss Edwards, *Whitchurch*  
 Miss Evans, ditto  
 Mrs. Green, ditto  
 Mrs. Arrowsmith, ditto  
 Mr. Hesketh, ditto  
 Miss Holland, ditto  
 Mr. Austin, ditto  
 Miss Jones, ditto  
 Mr. Kempster, ditto  
 Mr. Mould, ditto  
 Mrs. Phillips, ditto  
 Mr. Savage, ditto

Mr. Shone, *Grindley brook*  
 Mrs. Tomlinson, ditto  
 Miss Skarratt, *Whitchurch*  
 Mr. Smith, ditto  
 A Friend ditto  
 Mr. Hall, *Frodsham*, six copies  
 Miss Gloven, *Lane delph*  
 Mrs. Large, *Bunbury*  
 Mr. J. Allwood, *Bronington*  
 Mr. W. Allwood, ditto  
 Mr. W. Allwood, sen. *Burland*  
 Mr. Cartwright, *Fens wood*  
 Mr. Cox, *Bronington*  
 Miss Cox, ditto  
 Mr. Edwards, ditto  
 Mr. Evans, ditto  
 Mrs. Jones, ditto  
 Mr. Jones, jun. ditto  
 Mrs. Rodenhurst, ditto  
 Mr. Robinson, ditto  
 Mr. Sadler, ditto  
 Mr. Smith, *Brook house*  
 Mr. Platt, jun. *Swandlow*  
 Mr. J. Sadler, *Bronington*  
 Miss Welch, ditto  
 Mrs. Youd, ditto  
 Rev.—Jackson, *Warrington*, six copies  
 Miss Spenclen, *Black waters*

Miss Phillips, *Tattenhall*  
 Miss Billington, *Ruxley*  
 Mr. Roberts, *Ruabon*  
 Mr. Hughes, *ditto*  
 Mr. Hitchen, *Alpraham*  
 Mr. Wright, *Smeaton Wood*  
 Miss Fisher, *ditto*  
 Miss Foxley, *ditto*  
 Mr. Glassey, *Dod's green*  
 Mr. Harding, *Riol's green*  
 Mr. Hassall, *Burleydam*  
 Miss Dale, *Dod's green*  
 Mrs. Kirkbride, *Aston*  
 Mrs. Hayes, *Dod's green*  
 Mr. Stanyer, *Fearnly bank*  
 Mr. Howard, *Dod's green*  
 Mr. Manley, *Aston*  
 Mr. Holland, *Kingswood green*  
 Mr. S. Glassey, *Dod's green*  
 Miss Whittingham, *New Hall*  
 Mrs. Wright, *dod's green*  
 Mr. Spibey, *Aston*  
 Miss Holbrook, *Oswestry*  
 Mr. Hughes, *Erw-es-cob*  
 Mr. Edwards, *Terfyn-nant*  
 Mr. Williams, *Capin-maur*  
 A Friend, *New bridge*  
 Miss Newel, *Bartinton*

Mr. Wellings, *Oak Gate*  
 Mr. Gollins, *Green House*  
 Mr. Pritchard, *Muckleton*  
 Mr. Hamer, *Windy Oak*  
 Mr. Necklin, *Heath Lane*  
 Mr. Buttery, *Cromer*  
 Miss Gollins, *Longley*  
 Mr. Sambrook, *Walton*  
 A Friend, ditto  
 Miss Cotterill, *Ellerdine*  
 Miss Onslow, *Sombath*  
 Mr. Deakin, *Besford*  
 Mr. Nevett, ditto  
 Mr. Spencer, ditto  
 Mr. Powell, *Moreton Mill*  
 Mr. J. Wellings, *Muckleton*  
 Mr. Ward, *Forge Lane*  
 Mrs. Allcock, *Moreton Corbet*  
 Mr. S. Ibbs, *High hatton*  
 A Friend, *Rodington*  
 A Friend, ditto  
 Mr. Lloyd, *Maesgwyn*  
 Mr. Holland, *Pen-y-brin*  
 Mr. Jackson, *Tattenhall*  
 Mr. Bright *Lineal*  
 Mr. E. Dicken, ditto  
 Mr. Williams, ditto  
 Miss Dicken, ditto

Mr. Edge, *Lineal*  
 Mr. Clark, ditto  
 Miss Walmsley, ditto  
 Miss A. Wilkinson, ditto  
 Miss J. Wilkinson, ditto  
 Mr. Heatley, ditto  
 Mr. Reeves, ditto  
 Mr. Wenlock, ditto  
 Mr. Birch, *Colemere*  
 Mr. Edge, ditto  
 Miss Wenlock, ditto *Wood*  
 Mr. Trevor, *Welch hampton*  
 Mr. Speakman, ditto  
 Mr. Lea, *Bagley*  
 Miss Rogers, *Ellesmere*  
 Mr. Smith, *Wellington*  
 Miss Hignett, *Ellesmere*  
 Mr. Tomlinson, *Tattenhall*  
 Mr. Thomas, *Cuddington*  
 Mr. Harris, *Threapwood*  
 Mrs. Bate, *Tattenhall*  
 Mr. Garner, *Bunbury*, six copies  
 Mr. Pinnington, ditto  
 Mr. Harding, ditto  
 Miss Jones, ditto  
 Mr. Young, ditto  
 Mrs. Tapley, ditto  
 Mr. Davies, *Alpraham*



Mr. Ravenscroft, *Towns green*

Mr. J. Garner, *Highwayside*

Mr. Bailey, *Newcastle*

Mr. Copeland, *Etruria*

Mrs. Thornton, *Bunbury*

Mrs. Siddons, ditto

Mrs. Spead, ditto

Mr. Elson, ditto

Miss Large, ditto

---



special  
collec.

BW505

.M3

MASON'S  
LEGACY  
Whitchurch  
1828